AURORA
1929

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SYMPHONIC EDITION

published by the

SENIOR CLASS

of

HOBART HIGH SCHOOL

Hobart, Indiana

Symphonic Edition

PROGRAM

for the

SYMPHONIC EDITION

WILLIAM REVELLI, *Supervisor of Music*

TO MR. REVELLI

Our master music-maker!
His songs mean much to all.
He has a tune for every one
Who hears his music's call.
Our band has won its laurels
Through his hours of labor spent.
Our glee clubs hold a record
Which his willing knowledge lent.
To him we pause in gratitude;
We seek to find a way,
Where, with our love, we may express
Our debt to him to-day.
He has labored so untiringly,—
He has never given up;
To him we give this toast, dear friends:
This book,—our loving cup.

TWO MUSIC MASTERS

Long ago, there lived in Italy a man of magic: Antonio Stradivari, maker of violins. The ancient artisan, possessed of mysteries as yet unknown to other man, bequeathed as his gift to human kind instruments that are the envy of all who hear, the proud joy of the few possessors, and the despair of those who would create their equal.

And here is another man, bearing the distant touch of Italy's sunny hand,—another man of magic: William Revelli, maker, not of violins, but of musicians. His untiring gift of service is to Musical Youth; and his successes in this field of human material give to us an increasing pride in possession.

His first important step, marking a new era in Hobart High School music, was the organization of a band. In the four years since his coming, this group has grown from scattered individuals, most of whom had never taken lessons on an instrument, to a thirty-piece band which has taken first or second place three times, in the Lake County contest for Class "B" Bands.

Orchestra, glee club, mixed chorus, have alike responded to the magnetic direction of their sponsor, with a growth in numbers, constancy and results, that leads us to a happy paraphrase: "If you would have a thing well done, let Revelli do it!"

Long ago, in Italy, there lived a man of magic. To-day, in Hobart, the work of a magician grows in depth and scope as the progressing themes of master symphonies. Revelli, the Music Master!

Music of Work

INVITATION

Nature lives in a magic house,
Where music plays all day;
She has the wind for a singing broom,
And her dustpan is the bay,
Where the white waves leap in a rhythmic dance
Like you and I, at play.

Her rocking chair is a bending tree,—
Her fire is a heart abound;
There's nothing at all in Nature's house,
But a rhythm of sight and sound;
And harmony does her work for her
The whole of the season's round.

The ripple of strength in a worker's arm,—
Foosteps along the way,—
A happy pride in a work well done,—
Her constant orchestra they;
And she throws her window wide, and cries:
"Won't you call on me, to-day?"


The Board of Education
J. A. Mondell
President
L. C. Roper
President
Mrs. Clara E. Hall
Secretary
Mrs. Ida Mitchell
Treasurer

Song for the Silent Singers

Ever in unison and harmony they work,
As the fingers of a well directed hand,
Which detect the dropped stitch and weave it
surely back
Into the fabric.

GUY DICKEY
Superintendent of Schools

"Indiana, we're all for you."

RICHARD A. NUZUM
Principal

"We're shouting for I. S. N."

Song for the Master Workmen

Master farriers they, who forge
From our rough ore the bluest, keenest steel,
That we may carve from life wth truer blade.

OUR WORKBENCHES

The
HIGH SCHOOL

The
LIBRARY

The
GYMNASIUM

Song for the Bench and Workmen

No greater workbench than these halls,
Oh, Hobart High;

No better benchmen than now hold the tools
And daily tell their use; or bid us know,
'Tis ours to ply them well!

First Table—Anna Tzitz, Claire Crisman.

Second Table—Marguerite Jones, Mildred Peyton, Ruth Craven, Wilhelmina Popp, Jean Peer.

Standing—Henrietta Ragon, Coletta Holzmer, Helen Scholler, Sylvia Stangebye, Bernice Vincent, Bertha Ehrhardt.

"DOUGH" SINGERS

BERTHA ADE
Home Economics
"We're loyal to you, Illinois"

They wield a rhythmic rolling pin, and sing to the tune of the skillet and kettle.

The crowds in that cafeteria! Its popularity is marked on any sort of day; but let it rain, or the temperature drop a notch, and you are as far from a cherished graham nut muffin as Mexico is from the North Pole.

The manager of this crew, accomplished in the art of disguising all unsafe biscuits, etc., is Miss Ade. She also teaches sewing, in which class she has a fatal fondness for the adage: "As ye sew, so shall ye rip."

Back Row—Arthur Schwuchow, Richard Adams, Charles Beisler, Billy Brown, Charles Dewell, George Fraser, Lewis Graham, Charles Jackson, Philip Keilman, Bennie Mueller.

Fourth Row—Carl Sapper, Virginia Wright, Charles Ekstedt, Harry Ciszek, David Dunning, Howard Shults.

Third Row—Frank Kraft, Edward Westbay, Albert Stangebye, Lawrence Dooling, Charles McManus, Paul Gibson, Steve Koziol.

Second Row—Herbert Niksch, Ray Erwin, Albert Rose, DeVere Caldwell, Dean Caldwell.

First Row—Harold Wood, Hobart Fetterer, Nora Tomlinson, Walter Stewart, Frank Schavey.

SINGERS ACCORDING TO RULE

They sing their measures every day, these Mechanical Drawing students, and supply the school with business-like charts and alluring posters. Their most popular note is "T", always played "on the square."

The group is directed in accomplishments by the jolly ferule of Mr. Broad, who, with his pleasant smile and fair dealing, has no difficulty at all in convincing his students that they should be Broad-minded, "as it were!"

ROBERT BROAD
Industrial Arts
"Sound the call for Armour, Boys!"

Back Row—Maynard Argo, Mildred Haxton, Colesta Weaver.

Second Row—Henry Bartos, George Fraser, Ruth Cliff, Marion Bonath.

First Row—Helen White, Thelma Surber, Norma Carlson, Ruth Carlson.

PLAYERS IN MANY KEYS

ELSIE GRUVER
Commerce
"Praise to Central Normal."

Their song is taps, both quick and slow, depending on the fingering.

They play it, often, for the sake of future success in business, and oftener for the present pleasure of the News Staff or the principal who staggers beneath a load of grade cards to be typed.

The popularity of commercial subjects is evident in the increased enrollment for typing, shorthand and bookkeeping classes, all of which are directed by brisk and businesslike Miss Gruver.

Standing—Robert McLinn, John Bracken, Horace Roberts.
Fourth Table—Ruth Wilcox, Dorothy Mellon, Dorothy Smith, Charles Ekstedt.
Third Table—Mildred Hixton, Coletta Weaver, Ira Guernsey.
Second Table—George Fraser, Ione Wood, Bryan Allen.
First Table—Lawrence Dooling, Ruth Cliff, Carl Sapper.

ACCIDENTALS

These brave young scientists seek by experiment the music of the universe as it is found in levers, weights, pulleys, etc. Sometimes they accidentally discover something.

At any rate, these students of Physics develop an enormous amount of curiosity,—a commendable project for the very young, who would like to know things.

Their mentor and guide is H. O. Hollin, of the ferocious bark and mild bite.

HOWARD HOLLIN
Asst. Principal, Science
"Iowa, Iowa, that's where the tall corn grows."

Back Row—Bryan Allen, Violette Nelson, Ira Guernsey, Lloyd Kleine, Bernard Carlson, Lawrence Dooling, Harry Ciszek, Howard Campbell, Horace Roberts.

Third Row—Elizabeth Scheid, Robert Scharbach, Leland Rockstraw, Ettabell Reed, Henry Bartos, Inez Marquart, Betty Thiel.

Second Row—Hobart Fetterer, Rose Price, Paul Jackson, Helen White, Helen Holzmer, Francis Pellegrini, Charles Jackson.

First Row—Thelma Surber, Dorothea Freidrich, Edna Mundell.

IDYLL SINGERS

ELSIE KATTERJOHN
English and Dramatics
"Praise and honor to Miami."

"The meeting will come to order, and the report on attendance will be given," chants the leader.

Id factu; and the chairman of the English Literature Class, following the daily order of procedure, calls for the minutes of the last meeting, assigns the advance lesson, and turns the chair over to the student teachers, who proceed to the interrogation of the members.

Amid all this, they somehow manage, with Miss Katterjohn's direction, to annex a few appreciations of English poetry and prose.

Back Row—Helen Holzmer, Robert McLinn, Bernard Carlson, Ruth Nelson.

Third Row—Violette Nelson, Dorothy Smith, Thelma Surber, Charles Jackson, Sears Smith.

Second Row—Helen Grasa, Dorothy Mellon, Ruth Wilcox, Horace Roberts, Doris Rowe, David Dunning.

First Row—Paul Jackson, Paul Brooks, Henry Bartos, Bryan Allen, Easterling Allen.

THEY SING A PRELUDE

"You know it or you don't know it. If you study, you know it; if not, you will not know it. You either pass or you flunk. You can choose whichever you please, but by the looks of some of the grades I think it would be a good idea for some of you to pass this."

Pondering, toiling, sweating! Who discovered America, and why? What man created the Monroe Doctrine? And what two countries were engaged in the Spanish-American War?

Mr. Lawler is just stern enough and just witty enough to be liked, in spite of the fact that his hobby is a test and a quiz his daily food.

FONZO LAWLER
Social Science
"Hail to thee, our dear old Earlham."

Back Row—Hazel Miller, May Siearer, Mae Shannon, Genevieve Duffy.
Fifth Row—Elizabeth Erickson, Jean Trester, Louise Bach, Lorraine Hoos, Violet Haas, Bernice Kostbade, Rose Price.
Fourth Row—Nora Tomlinson, Belva Jeffery, Florence Thiel, Marjorie Roper, Bernice Vincent, Leona Beisler.
Third Row—Helen White, Cora Nichols, Henrietta Ragon, Helen Scholler, Harriet McClaran, Ruth Nelson.
Second Row—Mildred Haxton, Thelma Surber, Gladys Peterson, Phyllis Roper, Sophia Price, Violette Nelson, Charlotte Roper, Vesta Kraft, Leona Mellon, Hildegarde Hoffman, Helen Westbay.
First Row—Mae Kramer, Gertrude Stubblefield, Margaret King, Helyn Kostbade, June Melin, Denise Kruse, Thelma Owens, Vivian Miller, Sarah Mundell, Arlene Davis, Josephine Price, Dorothy Smith.

HARMONY HOUNDS

MILDRED McKENNA
Latin
"For Hanover College we cheer."

This is the H.H.S. Club, a new organization with a clever name. H.H.S. means something besides Hobart High School; the letters stand for Happy Handed Sisters,—and that they truly are.

It is their avowed purpose to back all student activities, and to work towards the general harmony of student life. Their inspiration in this program is Miss McKenna, who, in addition to directing several extra curricular subjects, teaches Latin to the writhing young.

Left to Right—James Craven, Walter Trojan, Leland Rockstraw, Douglas Gumm, Edward Wesley, Edward Pavlakovich, Royal Hitson, Peter Kellen, Walter Jackson, Henry Ittel, Robert Hawke, DeVere Caldwell.

PLANE SINGERS

More than once our carpenters have aided in some project of the school. Teacher needs a bookrack. Presto! The plane singers have fashioned it for her. Mr. Revelli wants a castle for his operetta, and the gifted group turn to scenery designing.

The singing saws and planes hum with the tune of work, and the boys respond with tables, chairs, chests, and novelties. There's a fragrance of shavings in their workshop; saws whirr, boards clatter,—until above the din sounds the voice of Mr. Newcomb: "Time to clean up!"

CLARENCE NEWCOMB
Industrial Arts
"Sing for old Stout."

First Group—Rose Price, Edna Mundell, Betty Thiel, Dorothea Freidrich.

Second Group—Hobart Fetterer, Russell Wheaton, Norma Carlson, Velma Hosseline, Dean Caldwell, Howard Campbell, Mae Shannon, Edward Westbay, Robert Scharbach, Henry Bartos, Blanche Bradley, Isabel Chandler, Mildred Chandler, Leotta Flick, Elizabeth Scheid, Ettabell Reed, Charles Jackson, Thelma Johnson, Claude Owens, Vergel Wilson.

NATURAL SINGERS

MARGARET SWITZER
Science and English
"Hail, hail, to Old Purdue."

These are the specially initiated of our flock, who "hold communion with the flowers and trees," and learn the secret songs of Nature intimately.

On rainy days, and a few others, when sallies into Nature's haunts are impractical, they delve into the mysteries of plant structure through the use of slide and forcep.

Miss Switzer, whose comprehension and fulfillment of student needs make her popularity complete, waves the baton for these collectors of Nature's notes.

Back Row—Josephine Price, Berneice Vincent, Fred Ruchti, Franklin Rhoades, Lee Wanamaker.

Third Row—Hilda Witt, Patricia Gregg, Elizabeth Erickson, Earl Ramsey, Edward Wesley.

Second Row—Marjorie Roper, Helen Westbay, Virginia Verplank, George Schnabel, Walter Stewart, Harvey Shults.

First Row—Daniel Brock, Henry Van Loon, Arthur Nelson.

SINGERS WITHOUT NUMBER

The chief factor in algebraic equations would seem to be the answer, from the heat with which this group adheres to the trail. Their hunting song is composed of most of the alphabet, with x y z and a b c for refrains.

They add, subtract, multiply, divide, with a divine faith in the providence that led them into the course, and a great fondness for Mr. Welch, the pedagogue and jollier who sees to it that they are "equal" to the task presented.

WILLIAM WELCH
Mathematics
"Long shall we sing thy praises, old Wabash."

OUR HARMONY MAN

Dear Uncle Bill! No entertainment was ever presented here without his faithful, dependable assistance in the shifting of scenes or the moving of a piano. He has settled Hobart High difficulties, both real and imaginary, for twenty-five years, and has earned and surely gained our deep respect and sincere affection. He is here to help us step from the bus on our first day at school, and he waves good-bye as we graduate. Vive, Uncle Billy!

WILLIAM FOREMAN
Mechanical Engineer

Students of Life's Harmonies

MINOR NOTES

Ship ahoy for the Seniors,
Who sail their ocean blue,
Captains of the H. S. Fleet,
With little else to do.

They browbeat all the juniors,
And sophs and freshies, too;
But have you ever seen a ship
That sailed without a crew?

FRESHMEN

Top Row—Fred Ahrens, Gertrude Allen, Jane Allen, Herbert Allison, William Armstrong, Henry Barr, Joe Bartos.

Third Row—Irene Bolton, Lewis Breitsprecher, Daniel Brock, Lawrence Bryant, Velma Bryant, Kenneth Carlson, Thelma Cook.

Second Row—Ruth Craven, Arlene Davis, Lucille Erwin, Bertha Ehrhardt, Eleanor Flood, Kendall Gibson, Frank Grasa.

First Row—Robert Green, Patricia Gregg, Warren Grieger, Glenn Harms, Barbara Harris, Gladys Hoffman, Grover Hoffman.

PHYLLIS ROPER
President

FRESHMEN

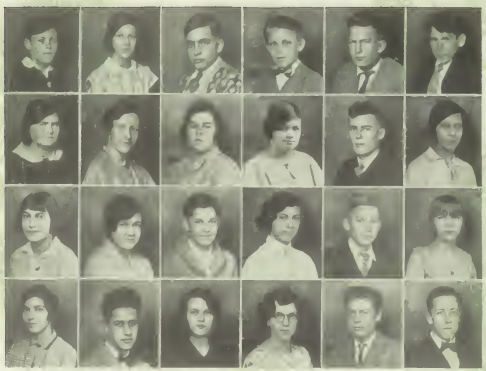
Top Row—Hildegard Hoffman, Coletta Holzmer, Lorraine Hoos, Violet Haas, Walter Jackson, Bill Jamison, Anna Janowsky.

Third Row—Lloyd Jenne, Clarke Johnson, Ruth Johnson, Peter Kania, Thomas Kelly, Margaret King, Bernice Kostbade.

Second Row—Vesta Kraft, Denise Kruse, Glenn Kruse, Robert Lee, Lester Lestikow, Ralph Lestikow, Thelma Livingston.

First Row—Erwalt Majorowicz, Stewart Mattix, Harriet McClaran, Dorothy McOmber, Ellsworth Melat, June Melin, Leona Mellon.

BERNEICE VINCENT
Vice President



FRESHMEN

Top Row—Walter Messick, Sarah Mundell, Fred Myers, Arthur Nelson, Raymond Nelson, Russell Nelson.

Third Row—Ruth Nelson, Cora Nichols, Elizabeth O'Hearn, Helen Parker, George Pavel, Jean Peer.

Second Row—Alice Pellegrini, Mildred Peyton, Joe Piech, Wilhelmina Popp, John Pratt, Josephine Price.

First Row—Sophia Price, Earl Ramsey, Henrietta Ragon, Myrtle Reichert, Charles Rhoades, Leland Rockstraw.

LEE WANAMAKER
Secretary

FRESHMEN

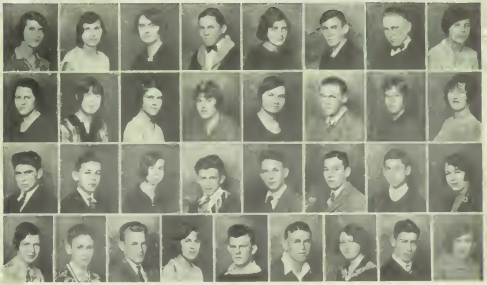
Top Row—Charlotte Roper, Fred Ruchti, John Sam, Elsie Sandstrom, Lillian Savant, Arthur Scharbach.

Third Row—George Schnabel, Helen Scholler, Alvin Schwan, Calvin Shearer, Robert Sherwood, Harvey Shults.

Second Row—Kenneth Siegesmund, Sylvia Stangebye, Gertrude Stubblefield, Florence Thiel, Richard Trester, Walter Trojan.

First Row—Anna Tzitz, George Uremovich, Kathryn Uremovich, Harry Van Loon, Lauretta Witt, Loubertta Witt, James Witty.

ARTHUR KING
Treasurer



SOPHOMORES

Top Row—Louise Bach, Wilma Baker, Evelyn Bell, Charles Beisler, Marian Bonath, Billy Brown, DeVere Caldwell, Elizabeth Christopher.

Third Row—Ruth Cliff, Hallie Cobb, Mildred Comer, Claire Crisman, Elizabeth Davis, Charles Dewell, Edith Dunning, Elizabeth Erickson.

Second Row—Ray Erwin, Donald Fowble, Wanetta Goff, Lewis Graham, Harold Hamilton, Robert Hawke, Willard Heyer, Belva Jeffrey.

First Row—Marguerite Jones, Jack Killigrew, Philip Keilman, Helyn Kostbade, Steve Koziol, Frank Kraft, Mae Kramer, Edmund Laskowski, Mabel Lute.

EDITH BROWN
President

JOHN HANCOCK
Vice President

SOPHOMORES

Top Row—Olive Lee, Edwin Lightfoot, William MacPherson, Charles McManus, Vivian Miller, Bennie Mueller, Herbert Niksch, Thelma Owens.

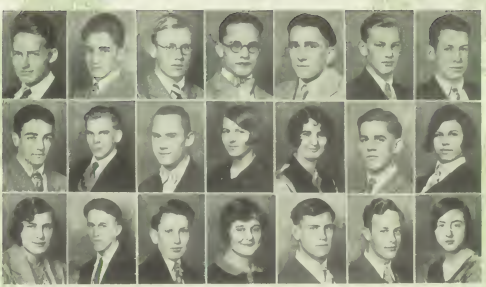
Third Row—Gladys Peterson, Ettabel Reed, Eleanor Rhoades, Franklin Rhoades, Marjorie Roper, Albert Rose, Robert Scholler, May Shearer.

Second Row—Helen Shirey, Von Sigler, Dorothy Smith, Albert Stangebye, Walter Stewart, Courtney Surber, Harry Thurber, Wilson Tolle.

First Row—Jean Trester, Nora Tomlinson, Helen Treziack, Henry Van Loon, Virginia Verplank, Russel Wettengel, Hilda Witt, Frances Wegesin, Helen Westbay.

LILLIAN KING
Secretary-Treasurer

RUBY DARLING
Asst. Secy.-Treas.



JUNIORS

Top Row—Bryan Allen, Easterling Allen, Henry Bartos, Dean Caldwell, Howard Campbell, Bernard Carlson, Harry Ciszek.

Second Row—Lawrence Dooling, David Dunning, Hobart Fetterer, Dorathea Friedrich, Helen Grasa, Ira Guernsey, Helen Holzmer.

First Row—Velma Hoosline, Charles Jackson, Paul Jackson, Evelyn Johnson, Ralph Jones, Robert McLinn, Inez Marquart.

PAUL BROOKS
President

RUSSEL WHEATON
Vice President

JUNIORS

Top Row—Dorothy Mellon, Edna Mundell, Violette Nelson, Frances Pellegrini, Rose Price, Horace Roberts.

Second Row—Carl Sapper, Robert Scharbach, Elizabeth Scheid, Mae Shannon, Dorothy M. Smith, Sears Smith.

First Row—Thelma Surber, Betty Thiel, Coletta Weaver, Helen White, Ruth Wilcox, Ione Wood.

GENEVIEVE DUFFY
Secretary

MILDRED HAXTON
Treasurer

LOST CHORDS

Some underclassmen are so dumb they still think Revelli is the "I can't get 'em up" bugle call; Ade is another word for help; Hollin is a Dutch country in Europe; Welch is the nationality of a people of South England; Billy Brown, Helen White and Bob Green are colors of the rainbow; Lewis Graham is some kind of cracker; Dorothy Mellon is a cantaloupe; Wilhelmina Popp is a new kind of soda water; Maynard Argo is a laundry starch; Albert Rose is a sweet flower; Mildred Chandler has a patent on self-starters; Ruth Cliff is one of the Rocky Mountains; Thelma Cook wrote a recipe book; Cora Nichols is a Scotchman's sweetheart; Douglas Gumm is related to Wrigley's; and Dickey is a trick shirt.

SENIORS:

THE WHOLE NOTE

(With apologies to Lyly)

Cupid with the seniors plays
And gambles, while the Senior pays.

He stakes good times, and entertainment,
Fun and frolicsome enjoyment.

They seize them all; then down he throws
The lure of music, and of dancing toes.

And thus they learn. (But none knows how!)

MAYNARD ARGO

"Pickles" (1); Police Captain (1); "Girl to Order" (1); Student Council (1, 2); "Purple Towers" (2); News Staff (2, 4); President of Class (1, 2, 4); Boys' Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Band (1, 2, 3, 4); Chorus (1, 2, 3, 4); Orchestra (2, 3, 4); "Tulip Time" (3); President Literary Society (3); Oratorical Contest (3); "Crimson Star" (4); Ho-Hi-Drams (4); Annual Staff (4); Quill and Scroll (4); General and Commercial Courses; "Sun-Up" (4).

The court room was crowded. A brilliant young lawyer battled against odds to win his case. The eloquent, stirring music of his fiery oratory won the jurors to his side even though much evidence was lacking. They withdrew for a verdict. Minutes passed—anxious moments. Then the jurors entered, one by one. As the verdict was announced, the young lawyer jumped to his feet. He had won his first case. He was more than happy—he was elated! Thrilled!

The next morning he read on the front page of the Tribune:

"Maynard Argo Hero of Courtroom Oratory."

LEOTTA FLICK

"Pickles" (1); Chorus (1, 2); "Purple Towers" (2); Literary Society (2); Vice President (4); Academic and General Courses.

"The next number on our program this evening will be Miss"——then a burst of static, for outside there was a terrific thunder storm. But even a storm cleared itself when the beautiful strains of Miss—Miss—Miss Somebody's voice came to us.

A poet would have described her voice with the adjectives beautiful, wonderful, marvelous, inspiring, lovely, heavenly, angelic. She finished. Her audience of many hundreds of thousands heard the announcer say: "We have been broadcasting through a chain of 40 stations. You have just been entertained by our staff artist, Miss Leotta Flick."

MARY SOUDER

Honor Roll (1, 3); Chorus (2); Lake County Choral Contest (2); "Purple Towers" (3); Student Council (2, 3); Literary Society (2, 3); Class Secretary (4); Academic and Commercial Courses.

It was apple blossom time in Indiana, and from a little country church nestled in a valley, with towering poplars and sturdy oaks for steeples, wedding bells were sounding. A millionaire was the bridegroom—a millionaire who loved the little church because he had gone there in his childhood, and because it was giving him, now, a beautiful gift.

The bride's eyes sparkled and her skin was as white as the blossoms in the old apple tree. Mary Souder was as happy as the bird which sang her processional from the tip of the tallest tree.

HELEN RITTER

"Purple Towers" (2); Declamatory Contest (2); Literary Society (2, 3); Chorus (2, 3, 4); Honor Roll (3); Quill and Scroll (4); Girls' Glee Club (4); Treasurer of Class (4); Ho-Di-Drams (4); "Crimson Star" (4); News Staff (4); Typing Honors (4); Commercial and Academic Courses.

Behind the counter was a stenographer—a pretty, smiling stenographer, clicking away a merry tune.

A man of pleasant, intelligent appearance came in. He was greeted with the smile. He looked searchingly at her, and then, smiling back, stepped up to her. Said he, "Do you know who I am?" She shook her head. He gave her his card. She gasped in astonishment. The famous movie director! It seemed impossible.

"I wonder," he mused. "If you would quit your job if I gave you a lead in my next production?"

And thus Helen Ritter became a movie star!

RICHARD ADAMS

Chorus (1, 2); Glee Club (2); News Staff (2, 3); Dramatic Club (4). Academic and General Courses.

There was a storm on the ocean. The waves rolled high, with the swish and boom of African music, and flashes of lightning lit up the inky blackness of the South Pacific. Little did it bother the steamship "Gigantic"—a fitting name for this monster passenger ship; but the captain seemed a little worried, for he knew they could not be far from the Rock. He stood looking out to sea with his night glasses. Suddenly a flash of lightning revealed something. "South!" cried the captain, "South, or the Rock!" Richard Adams saved the ship.

MARCELLA ANDERER

President of Home Economics Club (1); Student Council (1); Mixed Chorus (1, 2); Literary Society (1, 2, 3); Basket Ball (1, 2, 3, 4); Honor Roll (1, 2, 3, 4); Typing Contest (3); Annual Staff (4); General and Commercial Courses.

The Girls' Interscholastic National Basket Ball Tournament had been won—won by a group of girls from Indiana—a group whose rhythm of movement and play was unsurpassed—a group of girls from the Magic City of the Middle West: Hobart. Their coach, to whom most credit was due, was a young woman, extremely athletic. She was popular in the Basket Ball World, especially since her girls had won the National Championship. In twenty thousand theaters, throughout the country, people saw her on the screen, in news reels. As the age-old saying goes, "As popular as Lindbergh," was Miss Marcella Anderer.

LEONA BEISLER

Entered from Carl Schurz High School, Chicago, in Senior Year. Quill and Scroll (4); Girl's Club (4); Assistant Office Secretary (4); Typing Honors (4); School Librarian (4); Chairman General Sales Committee (4); General and Commercial Course; "Sun-Up" (4).

J. Dupont Langler, the great financier, was dead, and had left his business to his private secretary. The world gasped, and watched to see what she would do with this fortune.

They saw; for the largest library in the world was built with branches in every country. A seashore hospital was built for undernourished babies. The papers announced that a very rich lady was loaning a European country two billion dollars with interest at eight per cent for ten years. A famous college gave a degree to one of the most remarkable women living: Leona Beisler.

IRENE BENSON

Entered from Merrillville High School in Senior Year. Quill and Scroll (4); General and Commercial Courses.

A nurse was bending over an injured man who was deathly pale and in terrible pain. The soft, gentle motion of the tender hands of the girl in white seemed to bring relief and comfort to the afflicted one. Days of anxiety—gloomy nights, but the girl in white seemed ever present. "Dutiful, faithful, and trustworthy" were her watchwords, but something urged her to be more dutiful to this man. Lying there, helpless, the victim of a cruel accident, was the man she loved.

A month passed and as life grew brighter Irene Benson changed her name.

JOHN BRACKEN

"Two Naughty Old Ladies" (3); "Crimson Star" (4); Quill and Scroll (4); News Staff (4); Editor-in-Chief (4); General and Academic Courses; "Sun-Up" (4).

The editor sat alone at his massive walnut desk looking over the last edition of his paper, and thought how sweet was the music of success. He felt a sensation of satisfaction as he read his own editorials and the public's criticism of them and realized that this was the largest paper in Indiana. His great dream was coming true. Before him lay fame, wealth, and success.

But though his satisfaction was great it was not complete; for he thought as did a great thinker, "When a man is satisfied with himself he is ready to die." And he, John Bracken, was not yet ready to die.

BLANCHE BRADLEY

"Pickles" (1); Literary Society (2); "Whole Town's Talking" (2); "Purple Towers" (2); Chorus (1, 2, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 4); "Tulip Time" (3); News Staff (3); Declamatory Contest (3); Quill and Scroll (3); "Crimson Star" (4); Annual Staff (4); General and Commercial Courses; "Sun-Up" (4).

The Opera House was crowded. The orchestra was booming with an overture to "Carmen." A strange stillness settled over the audience. Tonight it was to hear a new "Carmen," a new artist in the personnel of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. Every eye was over-anxious for the curtain—for what it would unveil.

The orchestra ended with the suddenness with which it had begun. The curtain was drawn. There stood Carmen, radiant in her gay colored dress, her sparkling ear-rings, her sweet face! She was beautiful! And then she began to sing—to sing with a voice as clear as the chimes of the Angelus. She commanded every ear and eye and when she ended, the auditorium echoed with applause for Blanche Bradley.

GALON BURGE

Glee Club (1); Track (1); Ho-Hi-Drams (4); Quill and Scroll (4); Annual Staff (4); General and Commercial Courses; "Sun-Up" (4).

Four years ago he was just a clerk—a twenty-dollar-a-week clerk in a small drug store in Northern Indiana—with no particular part in the music of life except the counting of its tinkling silver as it crossed the counter; and now he was manager of a chain of over a hundred large drug stores. That is called success—something we all strive for and do not always get.

A wonderful thing is Success, and no one felt it more keenly than did that once twenty-a-week clerk. The world appreciates men who have "made the climb." It was time then for Galon Burge to be appreciated.

NORMA CARLSON

"Pickles" (1); Home Economics Club (1); "Purple Towers" (2); Chorus (1, 2, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Dramatic Club (4); Annual Staff (4); General and Commercial Courses.

"The world loves beauty, and will have it either naturally or artificially," thought a girl of yesterday. And now, to-day, there flourished on the streets of more than fifty towns beauty shops bearing her name.

One would hardly speak of them as shops; Home for Beauty would be more descriptive of their atmosphere, with their marble floors and rich velvet hangings.

The owner, on a tour of inspection of her many evidences of success, stopped her car before a beauty shop in Hobart and read the sign now so familiar to many: "Madame Norma, Beauty Specialist."

RUTH CARLSON

Home Economics Club (1); Secretary of Class (1); Student Council (2); Mixed Chorus (1, 2); Commercial and General Courses.

It was Christmas eve, and the happy Christmas spirit settled over everyone. No, not everyone—it merely seemed to, for on the outskirts of the city a family was huddled near a solitary stove shivering with cold. The mother and her five small children were all alone in this bit of America. She was weeping when she heard a soft knock at the door. In her broken English she answered, "Come in." A neat young lady stepped in followed by her husband-to-be, who was a millionaire. A few kind words explained to the mother that they brought over $30 worth of groceries and a ton of coal.

The Lady Bountiful was Ruth Carlson—spreading the spirit of kindness and happiness.

ISABEL CHANDLER

Chorus (1, 2, 3); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Orchestra (1, 2, 3); General and Commercial Courses; Lake County Choral Contest (1, 2, 3).

It was a cozy cottage by the seaside, with a setting of tall poplars and a cool babbling brook that ran to the sea. The soft sweet strains of a violin and the mellow notes of a piano could be heard every evening, from this quaint pretty heaven for someone. It was the home of a fisherman and his wife—a pretty, little girl who played the violin so sweetly, and a handsome young man who accompanied her on the piano, through life. They were happy—so happy that an author who had stopped there for a visit called them, "the happiest couple in the world."

And Isabel Chandler was one of them.

MILDRED CHANDLER

Chorus (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Orchestra (3, 4); High School Accompanist (2, 3); Commercial and Academic Courses; Lake County Choral Contest (1, 2, 3).

The Carnegie Hall in New York was thronged with eager listeners. How still the audience was. Every eye was over anxious; and their eager ears were waiting for the feminine Paderewski.

The curtain was drawn. There she stood, bowing before the thunderous applause. Then she sat down by a beautiful piano and began to play, soft pedalled expressions of greatness and beauty that stimulate and hearten the listener. Again the Hall echoed with applause. She was a wonderful success, and every nerve of her being was thrilled by it. She was showered with congratulations and flowers.

This was Mildred Chandler, as happy as the lark.

CHARLES EKSTEDT

Entered from Lindbloom High School, Chicago, in Freshman Year. "What Happened to Jones?" (2); "Pickles" (2); President of Class (3); "Tulip Time" (1); Band (2, 3); Orchestra (2, 3); Ho-Hi-Drams (4); Commercial and General Courses.

Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the big white room except for the labored breathing of the sleeping patient on the table, and the occasional clink of an instrument placed on the tray for disinfection. Not a second was lost as the minutes crept on towards a climax.

At last there came across the concentrated features of the physician an expression of relaxed ease. He laid down the last instrument, and, with a few directions for the care of his patient, left the operating room. A few paces down the hall he entered the room maintained by the hospital for his private use. On the door were the words: "Private. Charles Ekstedt, Surgeon."

GEORGE FRASER

"Pickles" (2); Orchestra (1, 4); Band (3, 4); "Crimson Star" (4); "Thank You" (4); Academic and Commercial Courses.

"No seats left on the ground floor. A few in the balcony," the repeated call of the doorman.

The bills at the Oriental were unusually popular since the coming of the new stage band. The crowds hurried in for fear of missing a bit of the program.

On the stage, the leader of the band raced up and down before his merry musicians, at the same time playing and directing with a saxophone. "Toot-toot," he tooted, in the midst of a double somersault. "Teedle-he-hee," laughed the orchestra back. "Muddle-de-ma-ma-ma," cried the cornet player, as their leader, paused in the middle of a handspring to toot a "thank you" to the shouts of "Fraser! Fraser!"

PAUL GIBSON

Entered from Salem High School in Senior Year. Quill and Scroll (4); Basket Ball (4); General and Academic Courses; "Sun-Up (4).

Decoration Day in Indianapolis! Day of shouts and excited din! A famous day in a city famed for its races.

A new driver was the chief feature of this race. His car, with twin motors and rear and front drive, both, was something different—so different that thousands anxiously awaited the start of the race. A shot started them. Number thirteen, the new driver, shot away from the rest. Faster, faster he sped. Around the two and a half mile track in fifteen seconds! That broke all records. But still faster he went. In two hours he finished, winning first with an average speed of 250 miles an hour. Happy was the winner, Paul Gibson.

HELEN GILL

Basket Ball (2, 4); Literary Society (1, 2, 3); Honor Roll (1, 2, 3, 4); Chorus (2, 4); General and Commercial Courses.

In the beautiful spacious City Hall of Chicago, on the seventh floor, is a richly furnished office with dazzling lights and rich velvet hanging—a duet of triumphant crashing cymbals and the low notes of a cello. On the glazed door is the following, in rich gold lettering:

"OFFICE OF THE MAYOR."

The mayor sat by a massive walnut desk. He was giving dictation to a young, pleasant girl, his private secretary. To her he had entrusted all his secrets and his own future; for on the third finger of her left hand was a sparkling diamond that was his gift.

The dictation finished, she inscribed in the left hand corner the Mayor's initials and her own: H.G.

THELMA JOHNSON

Home Economics Club (2); Chorus (2, 3); Glee Club (2, 3); General and Commercial Courses.

In a little town on one of the prominent streets, amid low cottages of picturesque architecture, stood a school house. It was 8 o'clock in the morning, and the bell was ringing in the crisp and frosty air. Here and there were groups of children, all bound for the same place.

As the pupils assembled, the teacher, sitting by her desk apparently busy marking report cards, looked up now and then and smiled a "good morning, children." The children seemed to feel for her presence a certain respect which showed that she had them under control. And, indeed, she did have; for this teacher's knowledge of child psychology had more than once found expression in magazine articles signed "Thelma Johnson."

LUCY KING

Literary Society (2, 4); Chorus (1, 2, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); "Two Naughty Old Ladies" (3); Quill and Scroll (4); News Staff (4); Dramatic Club (4); Annual Staff (4); General and Commercial Courses.

Very trim in her business suit, and carrying an important looking brief case, a young woman approached with a springing step the door of a house on the Gold Coast, knocked, and was admitted by a respectful menial.

"Yes," she was saying in a few moments, "You have a wonderful chance for the Old English, here. With that broad expanse of lawn, leading down to the lake, you could easily turn your house into an English 'cottage by the sea.' A fisherman's cottage would be a quaint note. In that case, I'd suggest for this room stone-colored walls in the new stickit finish, a fireplace with a kettle hanging in it, a ship model on the mantle, a seaman's chest over there for a window seat. Those occur to me now. With a little thought—and, of course, provided you like the idea"—and Lucy King hesitated, for the approval of her patron.

LLOYD KLEINE

Basket Ball (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (3); Track (3, 4); Chorus (3, 4); Foot Ball (3, 4); "Crimson Star" (4); Annual Staff (4); General and Academic Courses.

It was during the last and most important game of the season for professional football teams. The stadium was packed and people dotted the trees and fences like so many ants.

The captain was giving his team a pep session in order to make up for those two points the opposing side had gained. The whistle blew and out they went to win or die. All the players were tired and showed it on the line of scrimmage. All at once the crowd shouted, whistles blew and hats came sailing out over the field.

A reporter afterwards said, "Kleiney got the ball. When he gets it something always happens."

HAZEL MILLER

Entered in Sophomore Year from Toledo High School. Basket ball (2); Home Economics Club (2); Chorus (2, 3); Glee Club (2, 3); Choral Contest (2, 3); "Pickles" (3); Ho-Hi-Drams (4); Quill and Scroll (4); H. H. S. Club (4); General and Commercial Courses.

In a fashionable district of Paris, a new shop was opening. A young American woman, having received her diploma from a school of dressmaking, was setting up an establishment in the heart of the world of dress.

Towards evening of her first and very heavy day, a young and tired proprietress smiled encouragingly at her corps of models. The sales and the appreciation of her work had been much greater than she had expected. She took a moment from the beautifully dressed women who thronged the shop, to glance at the window, where she read, backwards, "Mademoiselle Miller, Modiste."

RUTH NELSON

Home Economics Club (1); Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Girls' Club (4); Basket Ball (4); Commercial and General Courses; Chorus (1, 2, 4).

It was Sunday morning and the bells of the churches were saying, "Come, come, come, come!" In one large Cathedral the organ was pouring forth praise to that Great Being who makes all things possible.

The organist was a tall handsome woman, almost stately. As her fingers glided over the keys of the organ, the listeners drifted away to that Land where all good things are and where there is no evil, no war, no crime, no selfishness. The organist played on and on. Ruth Nelson never tired of her work.

CLAUDE OWENS

Entered from Emerson High School in Junior Year; Band (4); Academic Course.

In a large comfortable chair in a nicely furnished office sat an executive, busily humming a tune as he worked. He was quite busy. He should be, for he was Sales Manager of the Greatest Chain stores in the world: "The Consumers Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company." Imagine thirty thousand stores all under the same management; over one hundred and eighty thousand employees; a great modern institution.

The Sales Manager was probably the busiest man in the entire concern. His office was the largest, his staff of assistants was the most numerous. His salary was the greatest, with three exceptions who equaled it. On the office door his name announced his title: Claude Owens, Sales Manager.

DORIS ROWE

Home Economics Club (1); Treasurer (2); Chorus (2, 3); Glee Club (2, 3); Tulip Time (3); Basket Ball (2, 3, 4); Secretary-Treasurer (3); General and Commercial Courses.

The dainty little lady took a quick surveying glance of her model home, mentally nodded an approval of its neat, comfortable appearance, and stepped out, closing the door on a perfect symphony of order. She was on her way to the Home for Delinquent Girls, to give them their Saturday lesson in Perfect Homemaking; but on the way she must stop at the grocery to order the Sunday supplies.

"Let's see, now, she thought, "Carl would like pie, but he eats more pie than the calorie book says he ought to have. I'd better prepare a fruit dessert of some kind." She paused at the fruitstand. The proprietor, an old friend of her childhood, glanced up. "Good morning, Miss Doris," he said. "And how's the little model wife to-day?"

HOWARD SHULTS

Student Council (4); Police Manager (3); Honor Roll (2, 3, 4); Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Foot Ball (3, 4); Ho-Hi-Drams (4); Annual Staff (4); Academic Course; "Sun-Up" (4).

The new bridge was a tremendous structure, huge concrete pillars, gigantic iron beams and cables. The engineer had planned it so. It was to span the rippling waters of Deep River, which had been dredged and widened to over a mile in width at this place. Hundreds of workmen were laboring there. It took men and still more men to operate the cranes and mixers.

In a large office overlooking this river and the site of the bridge, sat the engineer. He was glancing over some complicated blue prints, alternately gazing out the window and smiling with satisfaction.

ARTHUR SCHWUCHOW

Band (1, 2, 3, 4); Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); "Pickles" (1); "Purple Towers" (2); "Tulip Time" (3); Track (1, 2); Basket Ball (1, 2, 3); Football (2, 3); Commercial and Academic Course; "Sun-Up" (4).

The show was over and the orchestra members were leaving the pit. There was nothing unusual about this for they had done this every night since they had come here.

But one of the members felt this to be a night of nights. This evening he had been introduced to the public for the first time, by a clarinet solo.

How he had played! The audience had proclaimed him favorite through applause. It had seemed as if they would not let him stop and little did Arthur Schwuchow care because of that.

HELEN SMALL

Entered in Senior Year from Crisman High School. Band (4); Orchestra (4); Commercial and Academic Courses.

It was an evening in May and from the open window of a junior high school building the toot-toot of amateur "horning" filled the air.

Inside, a group of eighth and ninth graders puffed cheerfully away, under the direction of a slender girl with dark hair and dreamy eyes. Her smile was sweet, but her eyes firm as she paused now and then to correct their positions or their reading.

During a pause in the rehearsal, a little boy enthusiastically questioned: "Miss Small, is the superintendent gonna' let us play for commencement?"

MARY VAN LOON

Vice President of Class (1); Secretary of Class (2); Chorus (2, 3); Glee Club (2, 3); General and Commercial Courses.

The woman meditatively tapped her pencil, momentarily idle from the speech she was preparing, and thought, "Some people achieve greatness, and others have it thrust upon them."

Success had come to this woman through both channels—for as President of the Woman's Federation of Clubs—an office to which she was elected by great majority—she had displayed such judgment and ability that she well earned the plaudits she received from the other club women, of her country and from outsiders who viewed their projects with appreciation. Thoughtfully she touched her pen to the paper, and forgot herself, Mary Van Loon, in the subject to which she gave her time.

JOHN WANAMAKER

Band (1, 2); Student Council (3); Traffic Captain (3); Honor Roll (3). Track (3, 4); Foot Ball (3, 4); Dramatic Club (4); Annual Staff (4); Academic and Commercial Courses; Orchestra (1).

It was midnight, that cold mysterious hour when all the underworld of Chicago is in its glory. A dull rain played a dreary accompaniment for the atmosphere of gloom. In the building of the People's Trust Company, a single light burned. The policeman who passed, noted it and smiled to himself. The president worked at night, too!

Suddenly the light flickered and went out. Two shots rang on the air and the sound of scuffling came from within the hall. The policeman dashed into the building and turned at once a light and a gun on a robbery. President Wanamaker breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you, O'Hara," he said quietly, "I'll show my appreciation more materially later."

EUNICE WERNER

"Two Naughty Old Ladies" (2); Lake County Choral Contest (2, 3); Declamatory Contest (3); Crimson Star (4); Commercial and General Courses.

The sound of a bell awakened the drowsy populace. The tom-tom ceased. Slowly they began to wend their way to the little church nestled beneath the towering palms.

Inside, the simple service was progressing, led by a missionary and his wife, both beloved by their strange congregation. The woman opened, with gentle hand, her Bible. On the fly-leaf, as she turned the pages, her name might have been seen: Eunice Werner.

EDWARD WESTBAY

Band (1, 2, 3, 4); Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Basket Ball (1, 2, 3, 4); Academic and General Courses.

The deafening noise of a dozen riveting hammers, the incessant chug of a gigantic concrete mixer, workmen hurrying here and there, a huge crane lifting iron beams as if they were toothpicks.

Such was the scene at the new eighty-story skyscraper which was beginning to take form. It was to be a beautiful building; for a picture of it, as proposed, was on display. It was limestone, entirely, with its architecture individual and outstanding—as outstanding as the architect himself, whose famous name was emblazoned in huge letters on the corner of the structure: Edward Westbay.

VERGEL WILSON

Glee Club (2); Chorus (2); Orchestra (1, 2, 3); Annual Staff (4); Academic and Commercial Courses.

The audience was stilled as by some supernatural being, as the frail girl began to play again. She thrilled those eager ears as a moonlight night had thrilled Beethoven, and as he in turn has inspired the world with his immortal *Moonlight Sonata*.

The music ended, and with it the silence of the awed listeners. Their applause was at once an acclamation and a pleading.

Outside, the tumult of the enthusiastic outbursts caught the ear of a passing newsboy. Glancing curiously at the blinking electric lights, he read: "Vergel Wilson, Noted Violinist, in Person."

HAROLD WOOD

"Purple Towers" (2); Band (2, 3, 4); Chorus (3, 4); Track (2, 4); Orchestra (3, 4); Annual Staff (4); Commercial and Academic Courses.

The giant Monoplane which was carrying passengers from New York to Paris was having engine trouble. Only four of the six engines on the gigantic plane were running. A mechanic was working desperately to get to the trouble. Already they had slowed down to a speed of two hundred miles per hour. Minutes passed. Still a thousand miles from Paris. Passengers were anxious.

A sudden burst of speed told them they were again back to normal. A glance at the speedometer: two hundred and fifty—three hundred—four hundred and fifty miles an hour. A terriffic speed, but so it must be if the plane would live up to its boast of "To Paris and return, in sixteen hours."

Harold Wood, the pilot, "stepped on it."

IRVING GOSTOMELSKY

Died October, 1927

Requiem

In this way greatness comes to one
whose young

Ambitious hours are halted in their
path,—

Whose steps are stilled; in this way
greatness comes:

That immortality has gained.

STUDENT STATIC

(A Reminiscence for the Seniors)

Station HHS Broadcasting

From Any Class, 'Though This Happens to be the Physics Lab.

"Inertia is when one thing sets still till it gets pushed."

"John, have you paid your class dues?

"Mildred—oh, Mildred. Why didn't you come to Dramatic Club last night? Did we have a good time!

"Yes, Mr. Hollin. No, I was asking her something about the lesson."

"Aw, come on, Bob, don't get funny. (Now where did I put those schoolnotes? After all that work, and then I have to go and lose 'em).

"Oh, where'd yuh find 'em, Ira? In the waste basket! Now how'd they get there?

"Well, I lost those schoolnotes, Teacher, and Ira found 'em for me. Huh? Impenetrability? Never heard of it. Well, I *am* paying attention!"

"Ps—st! Helen, what did you get on that history test? Wasn't it hard, though? I 'spose I flunked it.

"Oh,—let's see. Oh, yes! It must be something about momentum, or maybe it's gravity. Oh, I don't know."

"Say, I forgot all about that Quill and Scroll meeting tonight, and I have to see those committees before then. How in the world are we going to arrange all that entertainment?"

"Heavens! I haven't prepared that speech for convo yet, and Mr. Broad told me to be sure and not leave it till the last minute. Do we have play practice, George?

"Huh? Oh, gosh! Well, I can't help it if the chair slips out from under me, can I? I wasn't bothering anybody,—just was leaning over a little. Boy, that hurt, too!"

"Now where'd I put that theme for English? I must have left it in my clarinet case this afternoon. That reminds me—I have to make some posters for the concert next week. I haven't been able to find an idea for 'em yet, let alone make 'em. I don't know when I'm expected to find time to practice on my horn.

"Huh? Were you speaking to me, Mr. Hollin? I was just trying to figure out this experiment, and I couldn't decide whether it was a meter stick or a two-by-four I needed!"

And so on, far into the year.

Music of Words

Song for the Pen and Voice

Give me a pen and let me tell
How the great world looks to me;

Or give me a book and let me read
What others have chanced to see;

And then may fortune or circumstance,
If life complete may be,—

Give me an hour for a spoken word,
And I'll live happily.

ECHOES

There is only one thing more beautiful than the echo of a song, and that is the song itself. That is why we were sorry when the final chords were played and we knew another tune must now begin.

The saga of our literary success would have been unsung without the capably directed efforts of Miss Lou Edith Wimborough, former head of the English department. It was through her untiring labor that the Hobart High "Aurora" ranked in the All-American group for three consecutive years and twice placed first, the highest honor a yearbook can attain.

She has brought into our yearbook order and plan and charm.

Her first innovation was a central theme for the annual. In this interest she created three volumes that are a real addition to our library: The Indiana Authors Edition, featuring Indiana Writers, and dedicated to James Whitcomb Riley; the Industrial Edition, addressed to the toilers of Lake County; the Home Edition, dedicated to our parents.

Many rousing cheers should go for the team that has won our victories: Originality, personality, and "Windy."

LOU EDITH WIMBOROUGH

Former Head of the English Department

"The song is ended, but the melody lingers on."

NOTES ON THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	JOHN BRACKEN
Advertising Managers	JOHN WANAMAKER HOWARD SHULTS
Society Editor	BLANCHE BRADLEY
Literary Editor	NORMA CARLSON
Calendar	MARCELLA ANDERER
Sport Editors	MAYNARD ARGO LLOYD KLEINE
Joke Editor	HAROLD WOOD
Music Editor	VERGEL WILSON
Photography	GALON BURGE
Snap Editor	LUCY KING
Art Editor	EDWARD WESTBAY

With Mr. Nuzum and Miss Katterjohn waving the baton in the capacities of Business Manager and Sponsor, respectively, these literary musicians spent the year throwing together this syncopated composition known as the Symphonic Edition of the Aurora.

Behold the scene of inspiration and wonder why your annual doesn't tinkle tunes as you turn the pages!

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

At this time I take great pleasure in reviving your memories on a certain practice that took our high school by storm during the reign of the Seniors of '29.

As I was walking down the street, everywhere I met evidences of this, ah—er—disease, habit or whatever you want to call it.

I chanced to meet my friend, Percival.

"How come," I asked him. "Is everybody crazy?"

"Oh, no-o-o!" said Percival.

"Stop it!" I cried. "Have you caught it, too?"

"Oh, ya-e-e-s!" said Percival.

I laid him low and continued on my way. Everywhere in the halls I could hear symptoms of this disease. It was like so many of Barney Google's goats in agony.

Mr. Nuzum, making announcements in the assembly, asked if any one wanted to sell basketball tickets.

"Oh, ya-e-e-s!" (small voice from the *very* rear of the room).

In class, teacher wanted to know if we were prepared; somebody said, "Oh, ya-e-e-s!" and took a zero whether he knew his lesson or not!

Eventually, the malady began to steal upon even me. Despite the utmost efforts of my mind, I could feel it gaining hold.

"Aren't we late?" questioned a classmate.
"Oh, ya-e-e-s!" said I.

BALLAD OF THE MINUTE MEN

Oh, list to the tale of the "minute men"—
  Always late to school;
Who do their time, and double time,
  In bondage placed, to cool.

Now, John and Bill were jolly chaps,
  Who never had a care;
Not even when the clock advised
  That schoolward they should tear.

It happ'd once as their way they took
  Through Education's climes,—
They met a great big giant, who
  Accused them of their crimes.

The giant's face was hard and stern,
  Nor would he talk or barter;
But hauled them in to make up time:
  Two hours and a quarter.

Now sirs and madames, hear ye well,
  And profit by this story
Of one who met a frightful end,
  Both terrible and gory.

For, oh, the weary moment came,
  These two were out of hock;
And ah, that very selfsame night,
  They wrung the neck of—the clock!

Row Two—Mae Kramer, Evelyn Bell, Coletta Weaver, Frances Wegesin.
Row One—Leona Beisler, Wilma Baker.

LIBRARIANS

To these custodians of our literature we owe much. It is through their efforts that we have our reading material where we can find it when we want it????

Leona Beisler, head librarian, has organized these girls so that there is a regular and a substitute librarian for each study period.

Their constant tune, by special request, is order; and with a systematic program of bookmending and checking, the first year for such an extensive one, they have turned our library into a training school for good citizens.

First Table (From left to right)—Ione Wood, May Shearer, John Hancock, Billy MacPherson.

Second Table (From left to right)—Genevieve Duffy, Wilson Tolle, Helen Ritter, Lucy King.

Third Table (From left to right)—John Bracken, Maynard Argo, Leona Beisler, Helen Kostbade.

NEWS STAFF

We write the poems, we write the news, we search the secret haunts; we penetrate the very souls, agetting newsy taunts. We get the credit and the blame,—we share in all abuse; we almost lose our courage, and wonder what's the use.

We try to speed the gossip, each week, about the town. We try to do it justice, but we cause a lot of frowns. We're only cub reporters, who work for Hobart High; but we'll try to bring you honor, for our cry is, "Write or Die."

Back Row—Howard Shults, Bryan Allen, Charles Ekstedt, Lloyd Kleine, Richard Adams.
Fifth Row—Russell Wheaton, John Wanamaker, Clarke Johnson, Wilson Tolle, Helen Westbay, Galon Burge.
Fourth Row—Blanche Bradley, Wilma Baker, Ruby Darling, Ione Wood, Glenn Kruse, Mildred Haxton, Maynard Argo.
Third Row—Jean Trester, Dorothy Mellon, Ruth Wilcox, Lucy King, Flizabeth Erickson, Hazel Miller, Betty Thiel, Norma Carlson, Claire Crisman, Edna Mundell.
Second Row—Genevieve Duffy, Ruth Cliff, Helen White, Hilda Witt, Helen Ritter, Mae Shannon, Violette Nelson, Coletta Holzmer, Dorothy Smith.
First Row—Billy MacPherson, John Hancock, Jack Killigrew, Leland Rockstraw, Franklin Rhoades, Von Sigler, Paul Jackson, Jean Peer, Helen Holzmer.

HO-HI-DRAMS

A glance through a window, on alternate Wednesdays of this year, might have brought to view our infant prodigy—fifty voice-power strong—the Dramatic Club, otherwise known as the Ho-Hi-Drams.

Miss Katterjohn and Miss Fetterer, the sponsors, report great progress in magicians' tricks such as turning flippant flappers into grey old grandmas, and announce the adopted slogan of the club as "The play must go on."

Back Row—Edna Mundell, Franklin Rhoades, Charles McManus, Betty Thiel, George Fraser, Walter Stewart, Edmund Laskowski, Maynard Argo, Easterling Allen, Edith Brown, Hobart Fetterer.

First Row—Ira Guernsey, Elizabeth Davis, Arthur Scharbach, Bryan Allen, Wilson Tolle, Russell Wheaton.

"THANK YOU"

The cast for "Thank You" represents not one particular class but the entire student body. The characters were chosen from the ranks of freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors; and every class has reason to be proud of the showing their representatives made.

The play is a three-act comedy, built upon the practice of forcing ministers to live upon the charity of their parish. "It isn't right for him to be a 'Thank You' man," thought Diane Lee, the heroine; and everyone, including an amused and sympathetic audience, had to believe her before she had finished.

Miss McKenna was the inspiration for the production.

Left to Right—John Hancock, Galon Burge, Eunice Werner, John Bracken, Easterling Allen, Paul Gibson, Hazel Miller, Wilson Tolle, Leona Beisler, Irene Benson, Genevieve Duffy, Lucy King, Helen Ritter, Jack Killigrew, Maynard Argo, Ione Wood.

QUILL AND SCROLL

Those who wish to be famous novelists and editors may find an early beginning in the Quill and Scroll Society, where genius bursts in rare originality. Their monthly meetings are a revelation to the casual visitor. Such flow of words—and what words!

Miss McKenna is the keynote in the song of scratching pens, with a rise in tone when the time approaches for the national contest. She prepares them for the glorious day when they may lounge on verandas overlooking a shifting sea, writing, reaping royalties, and thoroughly enjoying life.

THE NOTES OF THE YEAR

Tues., Sept. 4—The foliage is brought in. Irene Bolton cries and says she wants to go home.
Wed., Sept. 5—Dick Wheaton returns to Hobart High.
Thurs., Sept. 6—Football begins. Arthur Scharbach says he thinks he'll make the team.
Fri., Sept. 7—Norma Carlson ages a year but refuses to talk.
Mon., Sept. 10—Chuck Ekstedt forgot to come to school last week but is back again. He aims to be a professor.
Tues., Sept. 11—Leona Beisler takes charge of school library.
Wed., Sept. 12—Maynard is elected president.
Thurs., Sept. 13—Freshies "foot it" to the fair.
Mon., Sept. 17—Miss Ade "mothers" the juniors.
Tues., Sept. 18—Mr. Hollin gets a haircut.
Wed., Sept. 19—"Jonesy" is seen in Wheeler. We wonder why?
Thurs., Sept. 20—Fire sale someplace! Galon sports a new red sweater.
Fri., Sept. 21—Seniors rush to pawn shops. Rings have to be ordered.
Mon., Sept. 24—A shudder arises among the seniors. Edward must play!
Tues., Sept. 25—Lost by Bryan Allen: a big black boy's fountain pen.
Wed., Sept. 26 — Dean Caldwell trots out the High School Cops.
Thurs., Sept. 27 — Mr. Dickey makes us figure his income tax, but the joke is on us.
Fri., Sept. 28—Convocation: Bob yells his stuff.
Mon., Oct. 1—Hobart carries the pigskin to victory over Lew Wallace.
Tues., Oct. 2—Studio is equipped with a new camera for the juniors.
Wed., Oct. 3—Dorathea Freidrich forgets to say "you know."
Thurs., Oct. 4—Seniors covered with confusion. Lucy misbehaves in assembly.
Fri., Oct. 5—Senator Curtis speaks in the village streets.
Mon., Oct. 8—Sophomores have pictures taken.
Tues., Oct. 9—Football boys get playful. Kleinie comes to school with a black eye.
Wed., Oct. 10—Carl Sapper had a date last night. Betty looks sleepy.
Thurs., Oct. 11—To our gladdest sorrow, there is no school tomorrow.
Mon., Oct. 15—Frank Grasa musters one of Lawler's cookie dusters.
Tues., Oct. 16—Basketball season grows nearer and players are restless.
Wed., Oct. 17—You "hain't never saw sich pretty report cards."
Thurs., Oct. 18—Convocation. The band produces some static.

September 4

October 26

September 26

Fri., Oct. 19—Seniors have to keep up yelling. Now it is H.H.S. Bands.

Mon., Oct. 22—Aurora editor combs his brain for ideas.

Tues., Oct. 23—Groans and moans. Girls' Club hiked half a mile.

Wed., Oct. 24—First rays of Crimson Star are seen.

Thurs., Oct. 25—Seniors follow underclassmen everywhere. Increase in annual sales is needed.

Fri., Oct. 26—Freshies have Hallowe'en party. Walter Messick enjoys being a girl.

Mon., Oct. 29—Basketball players give gym floor its first mopping.

Tues., Oct. 30—We hear rumors of a carnival.

Wed., Oct. 31—Annual Convocation. Thermometers installed.

Thurs., Nov. 1—Ruth Cliff asks Mr. Nuzum if she may put her gum in the waste basket. He hates to refuse her.

Fri., Nov. 2—We see the Crimson Star in all its beauty. Ed Laskowski is king of them all.

Mon., Nov. 5—Underclassmen strain their eyes. Seniors display jewelry.

Tues., Nov. 6—Peggy Wright is back at school.

Wed., Nov. 7—Mr. Hoover wins, and Mr. Dickey continues to tease Lucy.

Thurs., Nov. 8—Night School. Teachers ask all kinds of hard questions.

October 22

October 24

November 2

Fri., Nov. 9—Armistice program. Rev. Lambert and the band talk.

Mon. Nov. 12—Nothing much to say about the Souder-Allen case anymore.

Tues., Nov. 13—Dramatic Club organizes.

Wed., Nov. 14 — First 'Thank You's' are heard.

Thurs., Nov. 15—Mr. Nuzum loves company. We stay after school to study.

Fri., Nov. 16—Westville rushes over here, grabs the bacon and goes home.

Mon., Nov. 20—Teacher eats the inevitable apple for breakfast.

Tues., Nov. 20—Howard Shults requests that his name be kept out of the calendar.

Wed., Nov. 21—Quill and Scroll meets for the first time this year.

Thurs., Nov. 22—Seniors cry. Miss Katterjohn says she is mad at them.

Fri., Nov. 23—Books going out and books coming in, carefully checked by the librarians.

Mon., Nov. 26—The carnival carnivalled, and Valpo outclassed.

Tues., Nov. 27—Seniors shout their motto, "An annual a day keeps the bills away." Underclassmen scatter.

Wed., Nov. 28—Home Economics classes give the faculty a dinner and we give Wheeler a surprise party.

Mon., Dec. 3—What a game we had with Westpoint!

Tues., Dec. 4—Staff finds a snapshot of some H. S. bums.
Wed., Dec. 5—Freshies "fall in line" for the studio. Mr. Nuzum and Galon Burge are papa and mamma to the gang.
Thurs., Dec. 6—More parades of the camera breakers.
Fri., Dec. 7—Seniors hold first dancing class.
Mon., Dec. 10—Everybody celebrates the meetings with Chesterton and Calumet City.
Tues., Dec. 11—A few daring souls try to institute the hair ribbon craze.
Wed., Dec. 12—Charles Ekstedt does not know his lesson. Mr. Dickey tells him Santa will pass him up.
Thurs., Dec. 13—Miss McKenna says "No, Thank You!"
Fri., Dec. 14—Senior Dancing Class is held above the gym to accommodate the crowds.
Mon., Dec. 17—The seniors cut out paper icicles. Oh, kindergarten.
Tues., Dec. 18—Bob McLinn has hysterics because Mr. Broad tells him there is no Santa Claus. These hardhearted teachers!
Wed., Dec. 19—Book reports. Imagination fails us!
Thurs., Dec. 20—Phillip Keilman is leading a tame polar bear around the halls.
Fri., Dec. 21—Mostly decorating.

November 27

December 4

December 6

Sat., Dec. 22—Senior Eskimo Frolic.
Wed., Jan. 2—Engraving leaves for Fort Wayne. Staff draws a deep breath.
Thurs., Jan. 3—Chuck brings his "choo-choo" to school to prove Mr. Dickey was wrong.
Fri., Jan. 4—Mr. Hollin says he is glad the senior snowstorm is over.
Mon., Jan. 7—Elizabeth Erickson is late for school because her new Big Ben didn't work. Santa will have to exchange it.
Tues., Jan. 8—One of our teachers takes up skating, to break the monotony!
Wed., Jan. 9—Exemption list is posted. Blanche weeps when she sees her name.
Thurs., Jan. 10—Exams. Pity be unto those who do not cram, for they shall not pass.
Fri., Jan. 11—More questions asked and more answers given!
Mon., Jan. 14—It's all over now. What? Red ink!
Tues., Jan. 15—A few seniors sing their swan song.
Wed., Jan. 16—Hobart High presents "Thank You."
Thurs., Jan. 17—Ditto.
Fri., Jan. 18—Late picture of Colonel Bugg rushed to engraver.
Mon., Jan. 21—Everybody buys a new bunch of books take care of.

Tues., Jan. 22—Time for another book report already???????

Wed., Jan. 23—Seniors order some of their little nick-nacks. (Commencement announcements).

Thurs., Jan. 24—Helen Ritter blames her tardiness on the cat.

Fri., Jan. 25—Betty, Eunice and Lucy enter upon a reducing program. HHS will broadcast results.

Mon., Jan. 28—Harold Wood saws wood in the assembly.

Tues., Jan. 29—Fashion decrees the derby. Mr. Dickey and Mr. Call head the procession.

Wed., Jan. 30—Sentimental seniors exchange pictures.

Fri., Feb. 1—Paul Gibson is dreamy. Who is it?

Mon., Feb. 4—That ground hog knew his blizzards!

Tues., Feb. 5—Snowfights are the sport of the day.

Wed., Feb. 6—Galon's art in making love is mentioned. Leona blushes.

Thurs., Feb. 7—Why does Stutz Mattix blush when the name Lillian is mentioned?

Fri., Feb. 8—Senior dances are still popular.

Mon., Feb. 11—Ho-Hi-Drams present "Suppressed Desires" and "The Valiant."

Tues., Feb. 12—Two great men's birthdays are celebrated: Lincoln and Revelli.

Wed., Feb. 13—Oh, flutter, flutter!

Thurs., Feb. 14—Every one stays home and reads his valentines instead of going to the junior dance.

January 3

January 8

January 15

Fri., Feb. 15—Annual goes to the printer. The staff asks for a holiday over Saturday and Sunday.

Mon., Feb. 18—Helen Ritter is caught writing notes.

Tues., Feb. 19—We still have ice; also, falls.

Wed., Feb. 20—Mr. Welch has a quiet assembly.

Tuhrs, Feb. 21—Mary Souder is so worried! She has a shiny nose and no powder puff.

Mon., Feb. 25—Last dregs of the annual work leave the vicinity.

Tues., Feb. 26—Mr. Call socks Mr. Hollin in the jaw. Boys, you mustn't be so rough!

Wed., Feb. 27—Ettabel Reed comes to school alone.

Thurs., Feb. 28—Declamatory and Oratorical Contestants begin work. Raymond Klauck says he will be generous and not enter.

Mon., March 4—Maynard behaves in Senior English and is sent home for some medicine.

Tues., March 5—Eunice "faw down" because the mean old chair broke.

Wed., March 6—Miss Katterjohn forgets to bawl out her assembly.

Thurs., March 7—Ralph Jones has a black eye. Wheeler must be a tough joint.

Fri., March 8—The junior girls won't leave Art King alone!

Mon., March 11—Blue Monday. Teachers recite for us.

Tues., March 12—The Senior play is chosen. Seniors begin to practice dialect.

Wed., March 13—We all wear dark glasses. Howard Campbell has washed his hair.

Thurs., March 14—Wilson Tolle condescends to smile.

Fri., March 15—Mr. Revelli's jazz orchestra plays for the Friday dance.

Mon., March 18—Miss Switzer says there is no place like home when the Ford breaks down.

Tues., March 19—Inez brings teacher a bouquet. She is so anxious to pass!

Wed., March 20—Declamatory and Oratorical Contest.

Thurs., March 21—Ruth Clift comes to school on time.

Fri., March 22—Convocation. The faculty do a clog.

Sat., March 23—Band contest.

Mon., March 25—Jean Trester and June Melin enter the Talking Marathon.

Tues., March 26—Mr. Welch yawns in assembly. We suggest sulphur and molasses.

January 18

February 5

Wed., March 27—Nice day all day today.

Thurs., March 28—Red flannels now out-of-date.

Fri., March 29—The flu bugs die a hard death.

Mon., April 1—Leona Beisler and Louise Bach flunk. April Fool!

Tues., April 2—Nobody seems to have gone to the senior April Fool Dance. They didn't have it.

February 19

Wed., April 3—Visiting Day,—for some other schools. We all show off.

Thurs., April 4—Collegiates are home for the spring fling and are drawn to old haunts.

Fri., April 5—Bachman's Million Dollar Band, in concert.

Mon., April 8—Fire drill. Helen Westbay tries falling down the stairs, in order to get down faster.

Tues., April 9—Bill Armstrong ducks Mr. Nuzum and does a graceless swan dive.

Wed., April 10—Miss Gruver yawns and yawns and yawns. . . . . .

Thurs., April 11—Louise admits she likes the name "Shults."

Fri., April 12—Nothing but senior play practice.

Mon., April 15—John Bracken ardently quotes love sonnets. Leona Mellon and Irene Bolton are thrilled.

Tues., April 16—See April 12.

Wed., April 17—Raining again.

Thurs., April 18—Mr. Lawler still wears his red tie.

Fri., April 19—A hot time in all classes today.

Mon., April 22—We smell sauer kraut and weiners. Junior Prom is near.

Tues., April 23—Lost: a temper. Finder please return to Lillian King.

Wed., April 24—The weekly dances are now held downstairs in the gym. Big crowds, practicing for the Prom.

Thurs., April 25—Ho-Hi-Drams work out the make-up for the senior play.

Fri., April 26—Work, for the night is coming!

Mon., April 29—Seniors begin to count their last days and weep over them.

Tues., April 30—John Hancock forgets his dignity in the assembly and shouts for Leona.

March 19

May 6

Wed., May 1—Annuals are delivered,—a symphony in green and white.

Thurs., May 2—Teachers refuse to let seniors sleep. Tough!

Fri., May 3—The graduates begin to wonder if there really is room at the top.

Mon., May 6—Frank Kraft studies. Something is wrong somewhere.

Tues, May 7—Exams! Oh, to be a lily of the field!

May 17

Wed., May 8—Junior-Senior Prom at Lake Front Pavilion.

Thurs., May 9—The sun makes final preparations to rise.

Fri., May 10—Opening night of "Sun-Up."

Sat., May 11—The sun rises for the last time.

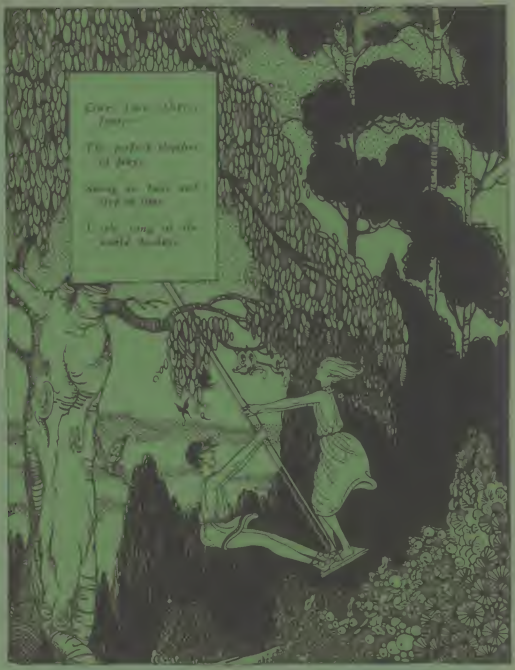
Sun., May 12—Baccalaureate Services.

Mon., May 13—Senior-Junior Picnic. All dignity discarded.

Wed., May 15—The night is indeed here. Report cards are due.

Thurs., May 16—Alumni banquet and dance.

Fri., May 17—Commencement! We are ready, Old World, for whatever you have in store for us.



Music of Pan

SONG FOR ATHLETES

Rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!
Football, track and basketball!
Hobart High is full of vim,—
Hobart High is bound to win.
Purple, gold, our colors fly.
Watch the fight for Hobart High.

Rah, rah, rah! Team! Team!
Watch the kick-off, full of steam.
See that tackle? Boy, it's fine!
Touchdown coming—hold that line.
Hobart's fighting hard today,
Teamwork, that's the only way.

Basketball is playing now.
Come on, Hobart, show them how.
Shoot a basket! Hit the sky!
Win the game for Hobart High!
Up and up the score must mount,
Until it's hard for us to count.

In sports there is a music,—
The music of the crowd,—
The music of the teamwork,—
Music long and loud.
Forever and eternal is
The music of your fame;
Come what may, there'll always be
The music of the game.

GRACE NOTES

One-two-hop; three-four-jump; five-six-bend. Miss Ramsey is reducing. No, not herself! The girls! And here they are at it.

Physical Education, so necessary to health in our formative years, has been placed on a firmer basis the last few years. It has aided immensely in punctuating the monotony of daily routine with pleasures eagerly welcomed.

Miss Ramsey, who may best be described as vim and vigor with snapping eyes and a friendly smile, is girls' gym instructor, and director of strategies for the Girls' Basketball Team.

KATHERINE TODD RAMSEY
Director of Physical Education for Girls.

"We're loyal to you, Illinois"

PERFECT LINES

They have them, those perfect lines, at least collectively; and their special ambition is the perfect individual possession of the perfect line,—waistline, and all others.

Boxing, basketball, tumbling, calisthenics—all find a place in the boys' gym class.

Leadership, initiative, cooperation; in fact, every quality that goes to spell success, are encouraged among the muscle cultivators, who further assure themselves of a healthy future by close attention to lectures on hygiene.

MERNER B. CALL

Director of Physical Education for Boys.

"We know you've got sand, Illinois"

MEASURES OF FOOTBALL

Date	*Teams*	*Place*
Sept. 29	Hobart 12—Wallace 0	Here
Oct. 6	Hobart 0—Roosevelt 19	There
Oct. 13	Hobart 6—Hammond Tech. 13	There
Oct. 20	Hobart 0—Hammond Industrial 26	Here
Oct. 26	Hobart 7—Crown Point 20	Here
Oct. 27	Hobart 21—Emerson Reserves 6	Here
Nov. 2	Hobart 0—Lowell 7	There
Nov. 10	Hobart 7—Calumet City 6	Here

Hobart-Hammond Industrial Game

Back Row—Arthur Schwuchow, Lloyd Kleine, Albert Rose, Coach Call, Stewart Mattix, Ralph Jones, Charles Dewell.

Second Row—Easterling Allen, Steve Koziol, John Sam, Charles McManus, Harvey Shults, Lester Lestikow, Walter Jackson, Philip Keilman, Paul Brooks.

First Row—Franklin Rhoades, Lee Wanamaker, Frank Kraft, Howard Shults, John Wanamaker, Robert Scharbach.

A STUDY IN FLATS

Football is only two years old in Hobart High but it can already walk by itself, and "faw down" only when it should.

After a long period of hard training comparable to that of a prize fighter, the pig-skinners started the season right by defeating Lew Wallace 12 to 0 on our new gridiron.

But our successes were somewhat intermittent. Roosevelt's Rough Riders, as well as Hammond Tech, rode to victory the following week. The prophets said, "we predict a 60 to 0 victory for Hammond Industrial." They were fooled. Howard Shults held the line so effectively that we were beaten only 26 to 0. On the following day the Emerson Reserves fell before us, 21 to 6. Yelling until we were weak did not keep a Crown Point boy from making a touchdown to close the final score at 20 to 7. And then Lowell beat us 7 to 0 on a sticky field of mud.

The final game of the season, with Calumet City, was an exciting affair with plenty of thrills in the last few minutes of play but Hobart came out on top with a tally of 7 to 6. The 7 to 6 tally in favor of Hobart, was the season's "happy ending" to a romantic story of ups and downs.

MEASURES OF BOYS' BASKETBALL

Date	*Teams*	*Place*
Nov. 17	Hobart 23—Westville 32	Here
Nov. 23	Hobart 21—Valpo 12	There
Nov. 28	Hobart 27—Wheeler 15	Here
Nov. 30	Hobart 25—Westpoint 24	Here
Dec. 7	Hobart 19—Chesterton 18	Here
Dec. 8	Hobart 20—Calumet City 16	There
Dec. 14	Hobart 51—Lew Wallace 18	There
Dec. 15	Hobart 30—Roosevelt 32	Here
Dec. 21	Hobart 27—Crown Point 26	Here
Jan. 4	Hobart 38—Lew Wallace 19	Here
Jan. 5	Hobart 43—Brook 17	Here
Jan. 11	Hobart 25—Crown Point 30	There
Jan. 18	Hobart 57—Hammond Tech. 16	There
Jan. 25	Hobart 48—Hammond Central 18	Here
Feb. 1	Hobart 35—Roosevelt 32	There
Feb. 8	Hobart 38—Lowell 21	There
Feb. 9	Hobart 31—Brook 33	There
Feb. 13	Hobart 45—Westville 24	There
Feb. 15	Hobart 34—Chesterton 32	There
Feb. 22	Hobart 63—Hammond Tech. 15	Here

Hobart-Crown Point Game

Back Row—Walter Jackson, Albert Rose, Frank Schavey, Frank Kraft, Philip Keilman.
Second Row—Herbert Niksch, Lester Lestikow, Coach Lawler, Harry Thurber, Stewart Mattix.
First Row—Lloyd Kleine, Charles Dewell, Robert Scharbach, Easterling Allen, Ralph Jones.

PLAYERS IN UNISON

With the pigskin season over for only a week, Hobart played her first basketball game of the season at home with Westville. The Westerners gave Hobart a hard battle and finally won.

But a bad beginning is said to predict a good ending. At the next game the Hobart squad went visiting to Valparaiso, winning from the Bouncing Brownies by a score of 21 to 12. A few were surprised at such results so early in the season, but felt none the less proud. Hobart then won a series of five games, opening with West Point, following with Chesterton, Calumet City, and closing with Lew Wallace of Gary. We hardly realized, before, what a following our team had till everybody tried to pack into the Lew Wallace Gym.—Who said sardines???

Unfortunately, a team can't always win. Roosevelt High, of East Chicago, took us down in a close game, with a score of 32 to 30. Recovering themselves again, our squad took the top score in three more battles, defeating Crown Point, our life-long rivals, in a close game, crushing Lew Wallace in a return match, and sending home a badly defeated Brook Team. In a second game with Crown Point our quintet lost, only to return to the winning side a week later by crushing Hammond Tech. Lowell, our southern neighbor, also felt Hobart's winning force, while Brook High turned it back in a victory for themselves. In return games, Westville, Hammond Tech, and Chesterton squads all bowed to the Hobart tossers. Though the squad will lose three members this year by graduation, the prospects look good for a tip-top team of tossers next year.

MEASURES OF GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Date	*Teams*	*Place*
Nov. 17	Hobart 19—Westville 48	Here
Nov. 28	Hobart 24—Wheeler 14	Here
Dec. 7	Hobart 15—Chesterton 18	Here
Dec. 19	Hobart 29—Crown Point 16	Here
Jan. 11	Hobart 8—Crown Point 41	Theer
Feb. 13	Hobart 18—Westville 41	There
Feb. 15	Hobart 19—Chesterton 24	There

Hobart-Crown Point Game

Back Row—Edna Mundell, Leona Mellon, Doris Rowe, Helen White, Betty Thiel, Gertrude Stubblefield.

Second Row—Lillian King, Henrietta Ragon, Marcella Anderer, Coach Ramsey, Helen Gill, Helen Grasa, Dorathea Friedrich.

First Row—Ruth Cliff, Ruth Nelson, Irene Bolton, Olive Lee.

THE SHARP SET

Under the supervision of Coach Ramsey, Hobart High's Sharp Set started this year's season with the determination to win or die; but, alas for the team, had this saying been lived up to, they would have been dead long since.

The girls, though a bit unlucky this year, never gave up hope of seeing the Purple and Gold Banner of Hobart High wave undefied in the breeze of basketball annals. This happened several times, but for the most part the H. H. S. Cagers suffered defeat. When the night of the first game came, the girls knew it would be a tough one. They were right, for when the shot went off that marked the end of the game, they were on the short end of the score. However, every defeat was accepted in a sportsmanlike manner and each time the girls went off the floor with the determination of mopping up the gym with the next team.

At the beginning of the season, when Coach Ramsey issued a call for basketball players, many girls responded. After the first few practices, this number was decreased to sixteen girls that made up the first team and subs. During the year, by constant practice, cooperation on the part of the team, and good coaching, the girls developed good team work.

Although the girls were unlucky and were defeated more times than they were victorious, the fans admit and correctly so, the girls were sports and played clean basketball throughout all the games.

MEASURES OF TRACK

1928

Date	*Teams*	*Place*
April 2	Hobart 53—Chesterton 45	There
April 28	Hobart 67—Roosevelt 32	Here
May 4	Hobart 51—Crown Point 49	Here
May 6	Conference won by Chesterton	Gleason Field

1929

April 16	Hobart—Lowell	Here
April 20	Hobart—Chesterton	There
April 27	Crown Point—Chesterton—Hobart	Here
May 4	Conference Meet	Gleason Field
May 11	Sectional Meet	Gary

Ralph Hawke at the Crown Point Meet

Back Row—Steve Koziol, James Craven, Thomas Messick, Charles Jackson, Albert Rose, Ralph Hawke.

First Row—Frank Kraft, John Wanamaker, Harold Wood, Howard Shults, Lloyd Kleine.

FOOTNOTES

Coach Lawler's galloping "Thinlies" tucked away an almost victorious season before the Big Letter Day.

The end of the first meet, held on April 2, found Chesterton trampled underfoot to the tune of 53 to 45.

The "Cinder Path," our new track, was dedicated with a 67 to 32 victory over the Rough Riders from East Chicago. At the next meet Tom Messick saved the day by placing second in the broad jump as we chalked up a 51 to 49 victory over Crown Point.

The Jinx went with Hobart to the conference meet held at Gleason Field. "Woody" threw the iron ball far into space and bedlam broke loose. Hats were lost and lungs were weak as "Bum" Rose came puffing down the line to win the 440 yard dash. The witches had flown, but too late: Chesterton won.

Coach Lawler

Asst. Coach Newcomb

Yellers Vincent, Ragon, Kostbade

Coach Call

Coach Ramsey

Musical Ideals

Song for Artists

To see a light, to dream a dream—
These are an artist's pleasures;
To know the light and dream his own—
These are an artist's treasures.

But he who seeks the artist's crown
Must labor patiently,
Until his treasures two have grown:
To see, to dream,—to be!

THE FIRST BATON

WILLIAM REVELLI
Supervisor of Music

"Columbia, thy children praise thee."

THE SECOND BATON

KATHLEEN GALLAGHER
Assistant Supervisor of Music

"Columbia, the Muses sing of thee"

DICK WHEATON
Drum Major

JEAN TRESTER
Band Sponsor

HAROLD WOOD
Bass Solo Contestant

MILDRED CHANDLER
Official Accompanist

THE WESTMINSTER CHOIR

Probably never in the history of the world has there been a more noted company of its kind than the Westminster Choir. It is an enlightening thought that people in such numbers may utter sounds so wonderfully harmonious.

John Finley Williamson, their director, when asked for his ideas on the importance of musical training, wrote:

"Music is a universal language appreciated and understood by all people. In producing a symphonic edition of the Aurora, you are helping to bring music to its rightful place in our lives.

"English, Mathematics, Physical Culture and Music are the four essential elements in education. If we were forced to eliminate all unnecessary subjects from the curriculum of our schools we have these four left."

HOBART HIGH SCHOOL MIXED CHORUS

Back Row—Ruth E. Nelson, Clarke Johnson, Irene Bolton, Wilson Tolle, Harold Wood.

Fifth Row—Dorothy Smith, Elizabeth Davis, Jean Trester, Norma Carlson, Lawrence Dooling, Kenneth Siegesmund, Lawrence Bryant.

Fourth Row—Howard Campbell, Elizabeth Erickson, Eunice Werner, Helen Gill, Evelyn Johnson, Wilma Baker.

Third Row—Mae Shearer, Harriet McClaren, Lorraine Hoos, Helen Shirey, Bernice Vincent, Edith Brown, Bettie Thiel, Robert Sherwood, Russell Wettengel, Donald Fowble.

Second Row—Lloyd Kleine, Eleanor Flood, Mae Kramer, Helen Scholler, Henrietta Ragon, Lucy King, Sophia Price, Florence Thiel, Phyllis Roper, June Melin, Earl Ramsey.

First Row—Maynard Argo, Coletta Holzmer, Jean Peer, Helyn Kostbade Blanche Bradley, Evelyn Bell, Helen Ritter, Von Sigler, William Armstrong, Billy MacPherson, Jack Killigrew.

From the ranks of amateur choristers come such singers as feed the Westminster Choirs of tomorrow.

The Hobart High School Mixed Chorus, with a steady program of rehearsals that produces many a musician commendable in quality, boasts a few vocal artists who have won more than local fame by way of a radio audience.

SIR HARRY LAUDER, *Baritone*

The name Harry Lauder is one which has echoed creditably in the annals of character singers for many years.

His purring accents are familiar to victrola, radio and concert audiences, and never was there a more captivating gentleman than Sir Harry when he goes "Rrrroamin' in the Gloamin'."

Like his older countryman, Robert Burns, he is distinctly a singer of the people. As indicated in this note, appended to a letter from his managers in Scotland, he feels that music should be for all.

"Music is a Moral Law. It gives a soul to the Universe—wings to the mind—flight to the imagination. A simple Melody is a magnet, it attracts the world, it makes men sing. Singing is the thing that keeps us cheery."

Sketch of Sir Harry drawn by himself.

LLOYD KLEINE, *Baritone*

The rollicking singing and acting of Sir Harry Lauder, and his genial personality, have endeared him to thousands, but he is not alone in his popularity; for Hobart High boasts a character singer who makes up in personality what he may lack in years of training.

"Kleinie" is not as famous as his contemporary, because his career is of too recent a beginning; but as the villain in "The Crimson Star" he has endeared himself to many Hobart music lovers. His baritone solo and characterization work, as the Duke Borah, were a splendid debut for a young artist.

If his name shall come to match in fame that of the inspiration pictured here, Hobart will be proud. If he forsake the field of music for commerce, Hobart will still be proud,—of what he has done, and of what he is.

Lloyd Kleine as the Duke Borah in "The Crimson Star"

"AL" JOLSON

Holding his audiences in a thrill of delight and appreciation, Al Jolson, America's "Mammy Singer," has won the hearts of thousands of his countrymen. The wonderful voice, the charming personality, the ability to characterize his songs, all help in building up the distinction and admiration in which he is held. The beautiful song, "Sonny Boy," composed and sung by him, has brought tears to every eye of the vast assemblages that have gathered to hear him.

The world needs every kind of singer. "Al" does not aspire to opera, but, instead, would sing his way along the lowlier roads into the very heart of America.

His wonderful voice is his magic wand for America's smile or tear.

Al Jolson, in "The Singing Fool"

WILSON TOLLE

A pleasing personality, a romantic actor, a wonderful singer, a magnificent dancer: Al Jolson; and Wilson Tolle is our "Al" in the making.

Last year he sang solos in Tulip Time. This year he sang the lead in "The Crimson Star."

Wilson Tolle as Leo in "The Crimson Star"

Two more years to go! To have accomplished so much in two years is a compliment. And now his task becomes: to profit by success only to the point of striving for further development of his ability.

"Skies are never gray" when our "Sonny Boy" is near. He doesn't write songs, but he has all the rest of it, on the way, including "that appealing something."

THE UNITED STATES MARINE BAND

Here is an ambition that might well inspire the high school boy whose interests lie in music.

Captain Taylor Branson, leader of the United States Marine Band, gives the following personal statement of his opinion of music's place in the schools:

"The interest of the American boy in the United States Marine Band has at all times been great, but particularly so in the past decade. This is because of the wave of musical interest that has swept the country, and more than ever because the boy is seeking personal expression through a musical instrument. It may be a saxophone, a horn, a banjo, a drum and it may be played indifferently, but it has a distinctive power of appeal to the youth. He sees in his instrument something over which he has control. It stimulates his dreams, and it answers his call for rhythmical expression. Nearly all high schools have their orchestra or band or both. I want particularly to emphasize the fine character of work these musical organizations are doing. Their selections are chosen with a fine discrimination developing a definite classical appreciation. The individual constructive reaction on the personnel of the band or orchestra can at once be gleaned. The boy who plays in the school band or orchestra must develop self control, co-operation, promptness and a decided sense of selflessness. What finer influence for the youth of America can be found?"

THE HOBART HIGH SCHOOL BAND

Back Row—Raymond Klauck, Arthur Scharbach, Earl Ramsey, Lorraine Hoos, Maynard Argo, George Fraser, Helen Small, Helen White, Harold Wood.

Third Row—Arthur Nelson, Dorathea Friedrich, Russell Wettengel, Edward Westbay, Carl Schwuchow, Kenneth Sothman, Darrel Fifield.

Second Row—Mildred Seivert, James Witty, Donald Fowble, Arthur Schwuchow, Robert McLinn, Harry Van Loon, Warren Grieger, James Mundell.

First Row—Dick Wheaton, Harvey Parkhurst, Erwalt Majorowicz, Harold Anderson, Kendall Gibson, Robert Rhoades, Frank Davis, Everett Parry, John Fraser, David Gibson, Robert Maybaum, Jean Trester.

Musically speaking, behold our piece de resistance—the turkey of a Thanksgiving dinner—the plum of the Christmas pudding—the best of anything we might name: The Hobart High School Band.

Their noon-hour rehearsals shatter the peace of the neighborhood, but the tune of their fame in local performances and in the contest is equally insistent and long.

Not one of these young musicians has played an instrument for more than four years; but they play with lusty and instructed lung, well enough to please not only us, but the critical judges.

A NEW NOTE

Two years ago, the National High School Orchestra made its first appearance, in Detroit, when two hundred thirty-six high school students from most of the states in the Union, under the direction of Ossip Gabrilowitsch and Joseph E. Maddy, met, rehearsed, played, and proved that leaders in the field of music had been wrong in saying such a project was impractical.

Their successful performance at that and ensuing conventions led to the realization of Mr. Maddy's dream: the establishment of a National High School Orchestra Camp for high school musicians.

With the close of the first season, Mr. Maddy wrote:

"The once thrilling experiences at Detroit, Dallas and Chicago were dwarfed into dull monotony by the far greater and continuous thrill of the Camp, with its combination of clean living, fine leadership, inspirational music, beautiful surroundings, loyalty to high ideals, and splendid spirit of co-operation. 'Where the hardest work is greatest joy and the greatest joy is in hard work' describes the Camp perfectly. The Bowl has been dedicated, the cottages named, and the ground consecrated. These honors are to the past. But the camp songs have not been written; the first opera has not been produced, nor the first oratorio; the first recording and broadcasting has not been done and the first performance of a great symphonic work is waiting for those who are to follow."

HOBART HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Left to Right, Row One—Russell Wheaton, Maynard Argo.

Row Two—Helen Small, Edward Westbay, Kenneth Sothman, Harold Wood.

Row Three—George Fraser, Earl Ramsey, Erwalt Majorowicz, David Gibson.

Row Four—John Fraser, Everett Parry, Arthur Schwuchow, Warren Grieger, Russell Wettengel, Darrell Fifield.

Row Five—Bennie Mueller, Gus Metaxis, Elizabeth Davis, Elizabeth Erickson, Bernice Kostbade.

Row Six—Adah Simpson, Dorathea Friedrich, Helen White, Ruby Darling, Mildred Chandler.

Nine violins, two cornets, two clarinets, two French horns, a saxophone, two trombones, a flute, an oboe, a bass horn, a viola, piano, and drums—snare, bass and kettle. Though by no means on a level with that of their ideal, the National High School Orchestra, the showing is a most worthy one.

Hard work and much time show their results. The orchestra is the oldest musical organization in the school, and more than one good musician has been graduated from its ranks.

Their addition to school life is immeasurable. To their credit are many concerts, and programs in connection with convocations, plays, and operettas. That in itself is sufficient for their praise; but their chief success, of deeper significance, is the steady mastery of a beautiful ambition.

EDITH MASON, *Lyric Soprano*

Here is an opera star, notably connected with the Chicago Civic Opera Company, whose ideally lovely voice and beautiful interpretations have given her a world-wide and unsurpassed reputation as Madame Butterfly, Juliet, Mimi and many other characters of the operatic stage. She writes:

"I am sending a photograph of me as Juliet, as I like it best.

"You may quote me as saying that the place of music in the schools cannot be too strongly emphasized. If one grows up with music as do the Germans, Italians, and French, it becomes as important as any of the real necessities of life and is not considered a luxury. The school children are the future audience and it can be taught to become a critical one from childhood, and to demand the very best in music. Musical talent can be developed best when it is discovered early in life."

Edith Mason as Juliet

BLANCHE BRADLEY, *Lyric Soprano*

Those who have listened to Blanche Bradley's lovely voice on the air from WJKS will easily believe that Hobart High is more than proud to number her among the graduates.

The greatest regret is that the school should be deprived of a student who has so willingly lent her art to the musical programs for a high school or local public. The music department will seek far for another member who will support so surely the annual operettas, as Blanche has supported "Tulip Time," "Purple Towers" and "The Crimson Star."

Her ambition to become an opera singer may, with the good training she is receiving, certainly be realized. Her professional debut was made before the Bryn Mawr Woman's Club in 1927.

Blanche Bradley as Greta in the "Crimson Star"

THE JOLIET BAND

The story of this band is a high school romance which might well become a legend.

In the beginning, a small group met in the Manual Training room to work out their first programs on second-hand instruments. Their intention was to play for basketball and football games.

Public interest developed when the band appeared in parades for the soldiers leaving for France. The Rotary Club adopted their interests, and made possible several trips to distant cities, where the musicians played for contests and conventions.

For three years they have won the state contest. For three years they have taken the National Trophy, which makes it permanently theirs. This year their leader, Archie McAllister, magnanimously withdraws their competition.

What this band has done, others may do. Hobart High, here is an aim.

HOBART HIGH SCHOOL SECOND BAND

Back Row—Russell Lawson, Edward Klausen.

Fourth Row—John Blanchard, Paul Wesley, Lloyd Wilson, Thelma Owens, Robert Freye.

Third Row—Harold Wegesin, John Messick, Virginia Owens, Emery Reeder, Eldon MacClaren, Lewis Breitsprecher, John Sam, Robert Mundell.

Second Row—Mike Peer, Leslie Conavay, Harry Van Loon, Theodore Sam, Raymond Lutz, Edward Ingram.

First Row—George Hawke, Joe Hamilton, Frank Davis, Bob Bradley, George Kitzman.

These are the wee ones who take their first steps on an instrument. Their trials are many and their hours are long, but they have never faltered in the attempt to make the first steps of the ladder to musicianship, the First Band, and to keep on ascending.

There is many a step between them and so noted a body as the Joliet Band, but the hitching of wagons to stars is a well-known practice on the highway to fame, and the Joliet Band being a whole constellation is some cause for hope.

CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA

Under the master hand of Giorgio Polacco and assisting conductors, the Chicago Civic Opera Company has grown to be "a thing portentous" both in numbers, and quality of performance.

The favorable comments on this season's opera and the support given to the company by the audiences which thronged the Auditorium Theater have indicated a need for still greater expansion, and the stars gave their farewell performance in the old home this winter. The season of 1929-30 will see them installed in quarters suited to the wonders they create for the eyes and ears of music-lovers.

Although the Chicago Civic Opera Company numbers many foreign artists in its personnel, it is ever willing to acclaim the American singer, and to offer its portals as a doorway to America's fame.

An artist is an artist, irrespective of nationality. It is not an impossible imagining that those Hobart High students, of unusual musical ability, may make their way into their chosen field through the ready assistance of this organization.

THE ANNUAL OPERETTA

Back Row—Phyllis Roper, Harriet McClaren, Elizabeth Erickson, Elizabeth Davis, Bernice Kostbade, Helen Scholler, Robert Holzmer, Bernice Vincent, Violet Hass, Irene Bolton, Lawrence Dooling, Robert Sherwood, Earl Ramsey, John Bracken, Howard Campbell, Ruth E. Nelson, Kenneth Seigesmund, Jean Trester, Donald Fowble, Evelyn Johnson, Mae Kramer, Von Sigler, William Armstrong.

Second Row—George Fraser, Maynard Argo, Helen Ritter, Eunice Werner, Wilson Tolle, Blanche Bradley, Clarke Johnson, Robert Rhoades, Everett Parry, Betty Theil, Ruth Wilcox, Lawrence Bryant, Lloyd Kleine, Russel Wettengel, Jack Killigrew, Billy MacPherson.

First Row—June Melin, Helyn Kostbade, Henrietta Ragon, Wilma Baker, Ruth MacPherson, Delores Small, Jean Peer, Colette Holzmer, Josephine Price, Edith Brown.

Spiraling, hurtling through the air it came, until it burst, November second and third, in all its glory and perfection: "The Crimson Star."

To the strains of quartets, duets and solos, the jubilant laughter-loving peasants of Lascenia vowed allegiance to their king, Edmund Laskowski, while Blanche Bradley and Wilson Tolle, as heroine and hero, led us into the realms of romance.

At the rise of the curtain the audience was transported into a land of castles and kings, and when the curtain fell they were loathe to leave it. The world will always love a romance, and especially one as well presented as "The Crimson Star."

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Back Row—Elizabeth Davis, Harriet McClaren, Bernice Kostbade, Henrietta Ragon, Ruth E. Nelson, Bernice Vincent, Irene Bolton, Violet Haas, Helen Holzmer, Helen Westbay, Helen Shirey, Sophia Price.

Second Row—Betty Thiel, Claire Chisman, Sylvia Stangebye, Dorothy McOmber, Colletta Holzmer, Elizabeth Erickson, Norma Carlson, Helen Scholler, Wilma Baker, Edith Dunning, May Shearer, Florence Thiel.

First Row—Vivian Miller, Thelma Owens, Jean Peer, June Melin, Helyn Kostbade, Myrtle Reichert, Eleanor Flood, Evelyn Bell, Barbara Harris.

It is only fitting that the last notes of the song be sounded with a picture of those best capable of singing the praises of the book: the Girls' Glee Club.

Theirs have been the patience, study and determination that lead to better things. They have developed, under the direction of Miss Gallagher, a repertoire of sweet songs that may well captivate the local or the contest audience; but could they, from this page, stand before the baton of their leader and let their lovely voices rise and swell for you, they would choose, first of all, to sing a paean of praise and hope for the present and future endeavors of their Hobart High —and the song from the heart is the song that truly sings.

Silver Jingle

First Student: Do you know Mr. Dickey graduated with a hundred and three degrees?
Second Student: Impossible!
First Student: Not at all. He worked himself into a fever on Commencement Day.

Mr. Welch: There are lots of girls who don't want to get married.
Uncle Bill: How do you know?
Welch: I've asked them.

CRACK SHOT

Frank Kraft and Frank Schavey bragging about their experiences when hunting:

"Well," said F. Kraft, "the first bird I ever shot was a squirrel. The first time I hit him I missed him altogether and the next time I hit him, I hit him in the same place. Then I took a stone and knocked him off the tree and he fell in the water and was drowned. That was the first bird I ever shot."

Blanche (phoning to her Hammond boy-friend): Will you come down for the Christmas dance?
Voice: I did.

June M: I just had a call from Morie. He's the most considerate boy I know.
Phyllis: What did he have to say?
Jones: He wanted to know if I got home all right from the dance he took me to last night.

SEEING AND HEARING

Mr. Broad was bragging about his eyesight and Mr. Newcomb was bragging about his hearing:

Mr. Broad: Do you see that fly walking on that building away over there?
Mr. Newcomb: No, but I hear the shingles rattle as it walks along.

Doctor: Let me see your tongue.
Patient: No tongue can tell how I feel.

Miss McKenna: "Whose work are you copying, Hobart?
H. Fetterer: I'm not copying anybody's. I'm looking to see if anybody is copying mine."

Walter Stewart and his girl were strolling along the city streets looking for a picture show. At last they came to one over the entrance of which was a large placard: "The Woman Always Pays."
"We'll go in here," said Wally.

Frank Kraft: These flies pester me so.
Tex Stewart: You must be a spoiled child.

Hark to the prayer of Helen Ritter:
The Lord is my Shepherd; I should worry.

George Pavel: I don't like your mustache, Speed.
Royal: Well, you don't have to use it for a tooth brush.

Joe Piech: Where didja work last summer, Hank?
Hank B: I was a snake in a round-house.
Joe: What's that?
Hank: A viper.

HEARD IN BOTANY CLASS

Miss Switzer (describing the leaf of a plant): "You will notice the border runs around the edge and the center is in the middle."

Mr. Lawler (in History): Mention a mode of trial during the middle ages.

W. Stewart: One was by ordeal—that was holding red hot iron in their hands to see if it burned.

J. Bracken: At last I have written something for the Love Story Magazine that has been accepted.

Aunt: What is it?

John: A check for a year's subscription.

What countries are on the other side of the Amazon?
That depends upon which side you're on.

Heard in the Freshman Latin Class: Henry Barr—The crowd stood with their ears erect.

Maynard: I dreamt last night that your mother was ill.
Louise: Brute. I heard you laugh in your sleep.

Dad: Dear, won't you sing something?
Blanche: But it is time for the guests to leave.
Dad: I know that.

Nuzum: Why on earth do you take all those magazines and papers? You certainly can't read them.
R. Scharbach: No, I don't bother with the reading matter—but the advertisements are so interesting.

Mae Kramer: But I do want to have a hero for a husband.
Howard C: Knowing your mother, do you think I haven't any courage?

Newcomb: Ed, I'm going to make you a present of this pig.
Ed. Westbay: Sure, an' 'tis just like you, sor!

H. Shults: I think Louise is one of the most level-headed girls I know.
D. Dunning: So do I. I just noticed how flat her head really is.

Broad How's your car running?
Hollin: Not so good; I can't get her throttled down.
Broad: How's your wife?
Hollin: She's the same, thank you.

Vivian M: I want a pair of squeaky slippers, size 10.
Shoe Clerk: Squeaky slippers? Who for?
Vivian: For father, so my Claude can tell when he's coming down the hall.

Rip Hawke: Sir, I have been walking out with your daughter for three years—

Mr. Ritter: Well, you're not going to hold me responsible for your shoe repairs, are you?

Greiger: What, five dollars for that ad?

Howard: No, sir. One dollar for the ad, two dollars for coming to see you, and two dollars to go away.

L. Wanamaker: I learned all my dancing by mail.
M. Haxton: You do waltz sort of Post-like.

E. Westbay: Were you upset by the bank failure?
Scotty Burge: Yes, I completely lost my balance.

Teacher: What is a fish net?
Freshie: A lot of holes tied together with a piece of string.

Rhoades: Yours must be a very extensive organization, Mr. Burge.

Burge: Yes—so extensive that when I tell a new Scotch joke to my stenographers it takes 90 days for it to go the whole rounds and get back to me.

George Frazer: Now what is the difference between a dialogue and a monologue?

Mr. Broad: When two women talk it's a dialogue, but when a woman carries on a conversation with her husband, it's a monologue.

HEARD IN JUNIOR HIGH

Teacher: Johnny, how many days are there in a month?
Johnny: Thirty days hath September,
All the rest I can't remember;
The calendar hangs on the wall,
Why bother me with this at all?

Some girls proclaim their beauty from the hose tops.

Moss: Is Mr. Dickey in?
Fetterer: No, he just took that big double boiler down to the cafeteria.
Moss (staring): What, uh—you mean that salesman he was talking to?

Leona B. I s'pose I ought to be looking for a husband now, Auntie.
Old Maid: Why, dear?
I heard daddy say you'd been looking for one for 20 years, so I'd better begin early.

Wilson Tolle: Then this is absolutely final.
Helyn Kostbade: Absolutely. Shall I return your letters?
Wilson: Yes, please, I think they're good enough to use again.

Isabel C: Was it much of a necking party?
Leotta: Was it? Why before the games began the hostess announced: "Every one chews his partner."

First Freshie (looking at a football game): Look at those players in the mud. How will they ever get clean again?
Second Freshie: What do you suppose they got the scrub team for?

RIGID ECONOMY

How many yards does it take to make a shirt like that?
I got two shirts like this out of a yard last night.

Bob Hawke: What do you think of this Byrd Antarctic Expedition?
Newcomb: Not so hot, not so hot.

Said a half-witted youth, Pierre.
Can a man see the roots of his heree?
His brother as silly,
Cried, "Sure he can, Willy,
Provided he stands on a cherre."

Freshie walking into hot dog shoppe: Do you serve lobsters here?
Waitress: Yes, sir, please be seated.

OVERHEARD AT WESTVILLE

Waitress: What will you have, sir?
Lawler: A toasted cheese sandwich.
Waitress: On toast, sir?
Lawler: No, bring it in on horse-back.

Dickey: My, but I'm sleepy. It must be my cold.
Fetterer: Is that the way colds affect you? Don't you ache in every bone in your body,—especially your head?

Art King: What's the difference between my dog and the planet Mars?
John Pratt: Well, what is it?
Art: We know that my dog is inhabited.

Student: Must I use this egg in this cake?
Miss Ade:: Yes, indeed.
Student: What should I do with the beak?

Chesterton Fan: Why does your yell leader keep running from one side to the other in rapid succession?
Hobart Fan: Cause it makes it harder to hit her.

Lawrence D: It's all wrong about these Italians being good fighters.
Earl R: Yeh?
Lawrence: Sure. Once in Gary my brother and I and two other fellows licked an Italian.

Mae S: Where are you and Dean going tonight?
Ettabell: I guess we're going to the show. I heard him tell Hobart he had two tickets to the pawn shop.

"Maynard has on one of those William Tell ties this week."
"What kind is that?"
"You know! The kind you can pull back on a bow, release and hit the apple."

Mildred C: What's the difference between a girl and a horse?
Dick Wheaton: I don't know.
Mildred: I'll bet you've had some great dates.

Teacher: Now, can anyone tell me what a "buttress" is?
J. Hancock: I know. It's a nanny goat.

Jonesy: I like to kiss a girl who hasn't a lot of rouge on her lips.
Bob S: Not me! I like to get there before the other fellows do.

Mr. Smiff: What did Miss Switzer talk about at the club meeting last night?
Mrs. Smiff: About three hours.

Mr. Revelli: What is a musical club?
Dick Wheaton: A drum stick.

Paul Gibson: Are your folks superstitious?
Lucy: Oh yes, we never sleep thirteen abed at our house.

Miss McKenna: I'm sorry I had my hair bobbed. It makes me look too young.

Switzer: Yes, Johnny, the earth does travel round the sun. But what travels round the earth? ?
Johnny Bracken: Tramps, ma'am.

Bud Adams: Will you please help an old survivor, lady?
Teacher: An old survivor of what?
Bud Adams: Of the summer of 1928.

E. Allen: Will you have gas before I pull your tooth, madam?
Mary Souder: You don't suppose I'm going to let you tinker with my teeth in the dark, do you?

Shults, the Barber: It's raining very hard outside. Why not stay a while and have a shampoo?
Gale, the Scot: No, thanks, I'll just keep my hat off walking home.

Mr. Lawler: What is an autocrat, Howard?
Howard C: A crat that drives an automobile.

Barber: Is there any particular way you like your hair cut?
Erwalt: Yeah. Off!

Miss Switzer: What kind of a car have you Bud?
Bud Adams: Oh, a runabout. You know—Run about a mile, and then stop.

Ethel Crisman: I use red lipstick, but I don't need it.
Bill Jamison: Gosh, I'll say you don't; a bum road needs no stop signals!

Hollin: Name please?
Frosh: Whose?

Maybe if some of these boys who would die for their dear old Alma Mater did so, everyone would be better off.

Betty Thiel: I was out with the most marvelous fraternity man last night, and he had the grandest big pin.
E. Allen: That wasn't a fraternity man, that was the deputy sheriff.

First day of school—Miss McKenna: What's your name, little girl?
Anna Janowsky: Annie.
Teacher: Annie what?
Anna: Anything.

Mr. Revelli: Do you think a married woman should work for a living?
Miss Gallagher: Sure, I don't see why she should go hungry just because she's got a husband.

Mr. Nuzum: We had a sensational case of kidnapping at our house last night.
Mr. Hollin: Sure enough?
Mr. Nuzum: Yes, the baby slept all night.

Miss K: Paul, what are you doing in that corner?
Paul B: I'm resting.
Miss K: Resting. From what?
Paul: Well, I can't sleep all the time.

Old Lady: Do you have butter?
Ira G: Yes, we handle it.
Old Lady: Then I don't want any.

Teacher: Howard, is trousers singular or plural?
Howard B. (after much thought): Singular at the top and plural at the bottom.

Gypsy: I tella your fortune mister.
Stude: How much?
Gypsy: Twenty-five cents.
Stude: Correct. Howdja guess it?

Welch: You ought to go to London and learn the King's English, using such language as you do.
Hank Fleming: I know the King's English.

Mr. Broad (during vacation): I want a job where a man can use his head: work that requires thought and study.
Employer: There's too many plumbers already without you taking it up.

Mr. Newcomb: There's one thing my wife can do better than anybody else.
Mr. Call: What is it?
Newcomb: I've forgotten.

Mr. Mundell: How were the roads from Iowa, Mr. Hollin?
Hollin: Well this fellow Lincoln was a great engineer, but that Frenchman, Detour, he was no road builder at all.

Mrs. Broad: Does your husband ever take any hard exercise?
Mrs. Call: Well, last week he was out seven nights running.

Senior: Do you like Al Jolson?
Freshman: What class is he in?

Sears Smith: I just took an intelligence test.
Paul Jackson: That was no test, friend, that was a probe.

Wilson: What I want to know is am I a bass or a baritone?
Revell: No, you are not!

Eleanor Rhoades: How long did it take you to learn to drive?
Marjorie Roper: Only four cars.

Dorothy Smith: This weather is awful!
Dorothy Mellon: Well, it's better than none.

Ruth Cliff: Er—good morning, sir.
Nuzum: Late again!
Ruth: So am I.

Miss Gruver: You have entered the debit item under credit.
Helen Gill: Yes Ma'am. I'm left-handed.

Bob Green: Haven't I seen your face somewhere before?
Gertrude Stubblefield: I wouldn't be surprised; that's where I usually wear it.